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CONTENTS

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Mr. Roosevelt: Peace and Disarmament 959
Mr. Roosevelt: In Paris and Budapest 959
The Retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale 960
Testimony for Mr. Ballinger 961
A Rebuke to Reaction and Bossism 962
The Aldridge Defeat and the Direct Primary 962
The End of a Futile Strike 963
The "Rice Riot" in China 964
More Subways for New York 964
Old Age Pensions in France 966
The Pigskin Library 967
By Theodore Roosevelt
Mark Twain 971
The Habit of Immortality 972
By Lyman Abbott
Save the Nation's Property 975
The Spectator 977
Mr. Roosevelt in Egypt: An Impression 979
Staff Correspondence of The Outlook
White Flame (Poem) 982
By Frances Holden Seaver
Citizenship in a Republic 983
By Theodore Roosevelt
The Nature Writer 994
By Dallas Lore Sharp
Index to Volume 94 1001

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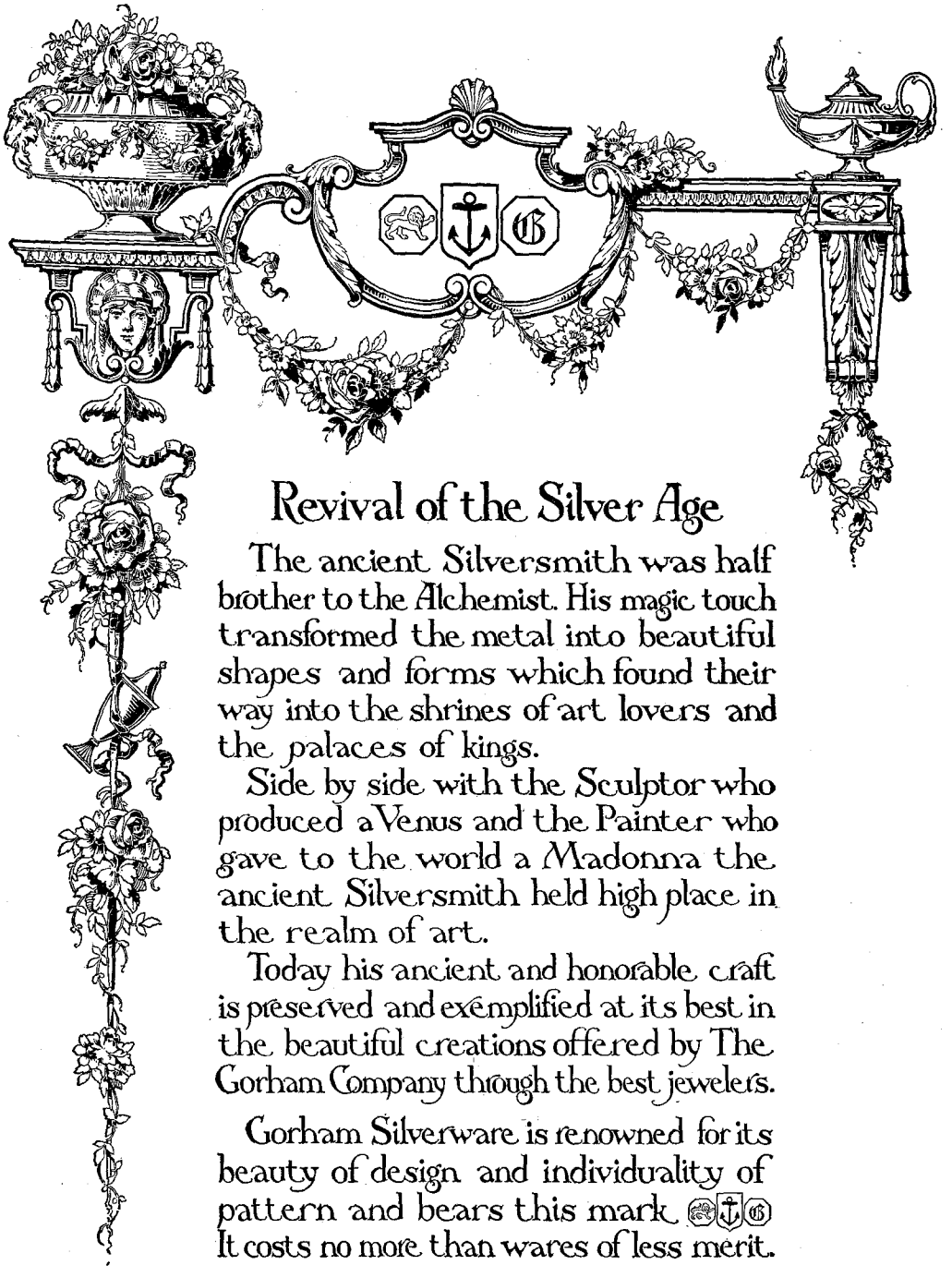

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The Outlook

APRIL 30, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

MR. ROOSEVELT: PEACE AND DISARMAMENT

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, who is traveling with Mr. Roosevelt, and has every opportunity of forming a correct understanding of the latter's point of view, has cabled The Outlook from Paris as follows: Despatches and editorial comment appearing in various European newspapers of prominence indicate that there is some acute interest and anxiety concerning Mr. Roosevelt's opinion on the question of international peace and disarmament. However natural the interest may be, there is no basis whatever for anxiety as to what he may or may not say. To use his own words, he has "no intention of becoming an international 'Meddlesome Matty.'" No opinions should be ascribed to him which he does not express in public address. He has shown no disposition to thrust himself into the rôle of a public adviser or schoolmaster; he speaks only on those occasions when he is invited to speak. On such occasions, however, he will express his own views frankly and freely, and no invitation should be given him unless his views are really desired. Those who are more interested in having Mr. Roosevelt's opinions on international relations than they are in speculating about them will do well to reserve their comment until the delivery of his address before the Nobel Prize Committee at Christiania on May 5. This address will be published in full in The Outlook for the week ending May 7.

MR. ROOSEVELT: IN PARIS AND BUDAPEST

We have seen no better explanation and analysis of the extraordinary reception which Mr. Roosevelt has met in Europe than that given in the Paris "Temps," which, after noting that the reception is really unparalleled in history, says:

> No democratic chief of state ever before enjoyed such popularity. We are accustomed to formal visits of kings and presidents, but Roosevelt is no longer President. It is the man, therefore, not the office, which is being honored. It is his vigor, his personality, his character, ideas, and temperament, which appeal to European opinion. . . . . Few are more worthy of the esteem of the democracy, for he represents at the same time liberty and authority—those two antitheses which republicans, conscious of their duty and solicitous of the future, are everywhere trying to harness together.

Mr. Roosevelt arrived in Paris on Thursday, after a week spent partly in travel and partly in extremely interesting experiences in Hungary. At Budapest in particular Mr. Roosevelt had a busy and varied visit. Among other things, he met Francis Kossuth, son of the famous Hungarian patriot whose visit to the United States many years ago was an event of international importance; was received by the Interparliamentary Union at the House of Parliament, and there listened to a stirring speech of welcome from Count Apponyi, who extolled his guest as the tried and proved friend of Hungary and of peace, and the champion of public morality and honesty everywhere; was the guest of the Archduke Joseph at a luncheon in the Royal Palace; took part in a rapid sightseeing tour about Budapest; and was everywhere greeted in the streets and in public places by crowds of interested people, who cheered him and evinced the most cordial good feeling. Picturesque incidents occurred at other places in the journey. For instance, the despatches state that at a point seventy miles from Budapest, where the party had

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gone to visit a famous breeding farm of Arab horses, "carriages drawn by six horses, with drivers in picturesque Hungarian costume, conveyed the party through thatch-roofed villages, decorated with crude American flags, under hastily constructed triumphal arches, amid the shouts of the entire population. In each village the schools had been dismissed in order that the children might join in the acclamation of the American visitor." On the arrival of the party in Paris Mr. Roosevelt was welcomed by Mr. Bacon, the American Ambassador, M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, and many others. Thursday and Friday were occupied with sightseeing visits; on Thursday evening Mr. Roosevelt and his party attended a performance of Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex" at the Comédie Française, where he occupied the Presidential box, and was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm by the audience; on Friday evening Mr. Roosevelt was the guest of honor at a dinner and reception by President Fallières at the Élysée Palace. The event of the stay in Paris of the most serious public importance was the first of the three university lectures which Mr. Roosevelt had been invited to deliver. The lecture at the Sorbonne on Saturday was attended by many of the most distinguished literary and political men of France, and the occasion was recognized as one notable in the realm of letters and education. The subject of the address was "Citizenship in a Republic." It appears in full and in its authorized form in another part of this issue of The Outlook. The Sorbonne, before which this lecture was delivered, is one of the oldest universities in the world. It was founded a little more than seven hundred years ago by Robert de Sorbon, a theologian and ecclesiastic, who was at one time chaplain to King Louis IX. The college was originally called "La Communauté des pauvres maîtres étudiant en théologie," but within the century became familiarly known by the founder's name. From time to time the foundation was enlarged, the scope of studies increased, and it soon became famous, not merely as a place for theological learning, but as a center of intellectual activity. Its equipment and administration to-day are extensive and of the first order; and the great edifice, "La Nouvelle Sorbonne," completed some twenty years ago, has been called the finest university building in the world. In modern times the faculty of theology, once the only teaching body, has yielded supremacy to the teaching of literature and science, while medicine and law also come within the scope of the University. The number of students is enormous. We have recently seen it placed at twelve thousand. The demand for admission tickets to Mr. Roosevelt's lecture was overpowering, but arrangements were made that a considerable body of students should be included in the audience. A description of the event in detail must be deferred until next week.

THE RETIREMENT OF SENATORS ALDRICH AND HALE

On the 4th of next March, just thirty years after their entrance into the Senate, of which they have since been continuously members, Senator Nelson Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, will retire. This fact was announced definitely on Wednesday of last week by the publication of two letters. One was from Senator Aldrich to Governor Pothier, of Rhode Island, the other was from Senator Hale to the Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Maine. Senator Aldrich states that he retires for personal reasons; but that he will remain in his position on the National Monetary Commission. Senator Hale gives as the reason for his retirement his disinclination toward a personal contest for re-election after being chosen for five terms without opposition. Other Senators have retired from public office without creating a stir; but these two men announce their forthcoming retirement and the news, flashed by telegraph over the country, starts comment that may continue for weeks. Why? Do these two men stand before the American people as eminent and admirable for great public service? Not at all. They are both recognized as possessing great knowledge of government, experience in legislation, skill in politics; but, justly or not, they are not recognized as great servants of the whole people. Both have acquired their

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reputation as able representatives of special interests or combinations of special interests. They belong, with Senator Platt, who died a month and a half ago, and Speaker Cannon, whose political power is moribund, to an era that has virtually come to an end. During the time when these men have been ascendant, the accepted principle which has prevailed in the construction of legislation has been that of the bargain. One industry after another, one interest after another, one section after another, each with a petition for favors, came before Congress, and Congress, made up of representatives of different industries, interests, sections, worked out, by giving here and taking there, some kind of a compromise. Congress was unskillful when it created more discontent than satisfaction; it was skillful when it satisfied more than it disappointed. On this principle of legislation, that Representative, that Senator, was best who voiced most effectively the wants of the particular people he represented, and secured for them the most favors. Of course a member of Congress who on a particular measure had no special interest to represent was free to act on behalf of the public interest of the whole country without violating this principle of legislation by bargain; but when some interest among his constituents was opposed to the public interest, he was regarded as a doctrinaire, a theorist, an unpractical man, if he still felt called upon to vote and work for the interest of the Nation. Now this principle has been exemplified in the careers of Messrs. Aldrich and Hale. Both have been powerful, both have secured for constituents great favors, both have reached places of commanding influence in the Senate. In other respects they are very different. Senator Hale has been an obstructionist. His power has been exerted in protecting special interests from injury. As a legislative smotherer he is an adept. In a generation no great constructive piece of legislation has come from him. In his course as head of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs he has been a habitual opponent of progress and of all reform that would jeopardize any privileges of powerful private concerns. Again and again legislation needed in the public interest or for the public honor has been kept under his stifling hand. On the other hand, Senator Aldrich has been an active and constructive legislator. The present tariff bill rightly bears his name, and is a good example of his influence and power. He works on behalf of legislation as a great adjuster. Other Senators have acknowledged their indebtedness to him. Even the President of the United States has credited him with a large share in leadership. His leadership, however, has been on behalf of special interests. That these two men are going is a sign of the new standards of legislation and public service that the people of America demand. It will be easier and more practical hereafter for the man in public life to work and vote on behalf of the interest of all.

TESTIMONY FOR MR. BALLINGER

Subordinates of Mr. Ballinger have been testifying before the Committee of Congress that is investigating the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, and other subordinates will follow these. Possibly the word subordinate might be resented by one of these witnesses, Mr. Frank Pierce, who is Assistant Secretary of the Interior, for on the stand he likened Mr. Ballinger to the Chief Justice and himself to an Associate Justice of a Court. He declared with vigor that he had sole charge of the matter of the Cunningham claims. He asserted that in this matter no one could appeal from his decision to that of the Head of the Department. He did not deny that the Secretary could overrule him; he simply said that the Secretary in practice does not overrule the assistant. It was in this way that Mr. Pierce met the assertion of those who criticise Mr. Ballinger on the ground that he could not, even if he would, escape the responsibility laid on him for protecting the people's property against those who would take it by fraud or favor. Mr. Pierce, moreover, made it perfectly clear that in his opinion his decision on a question of patenting land would be final, and that no court could review his action if it were favorable and that no authority could force him to pass any claims of patent which he rejected. This testimony of Mr. Pierce's is interesting in view of the opinion his colleague,

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Mr. Finney, expressed, that the Executive could not legally withdraw land, that is, refuse to grant patents, within certain areas. Mr. Finney, Assistant to the Secretary, followed Mr. Pierce on the stand. The upshot of his testimony was that he accepted the responsibility for the writing of certain letters and reports which bore Mr. Ballinger's signature. In other words, Mr. Ballinger's counsel elicited from Mr. Finney statements which, if accepted as true, would tend to deflect to his subordinates much of the criticism now aimed at Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Finney explained at some length, in answer to questions, the course followed in regard to correspondence and the preparation of documents in the Interior Department. Both Mr. Pierce and Mr. Finney made statements which sometimes contradicted and sometimes modified testimony adverse to Mr. Ballinger. The importance of these statements depends partly upon the trustworthiness of the opposing witnesses and partly upon the relation which the points bear to the case at large.

A REBUKE TO REACTION AND BOSSISM

A second instance of the election to Congress of a Democrat in a nominally Republican district occurred last week. Four weeks ago Eugene N. Foss, a Democrat, was elected in Massachusetts to succeed William C. Lovering, a Republican. Last Tuesday George W. Aldridge, for many years the undisputed boss of Monroe County, in New York State, was defeated by James S. Havens, at an election to choose a successor to the late James Breck Perkins. A Republican majority of over 10,000 at the last election was turned into a Democratic majority of nearly 6,000. The election of Mr. Havens, or more precisely the defeat of Mr. Aldridge, seems to us to have significance in two directions. In its broader aspect it is an expression of the growing dissatisfaction with the course of the leaders of the Republican party, both in the Nation and in the State. It is a rebuke to the "stand-pat" reactionism of National bosses, and a reproof to the little-minded Bourbonism of State bosses. In what degree, if any, it signifies a popular belief that the Republican party has not redeemed its platform pledges on the tariff it is not easy to say. But that this element should not be ignored in interpreting the result we are convinced. On the personal side the election is a repudiation of a boss of the "Old Guard," who had the effrontery to seek popular indorsement in the face of an aroused popular indignation with the methods of his tribe, and at a time when he had just confessed to the acceptance from an insurance company of $1,000 for purposes insufficiently explained. It is an illustration of the truth that the ways of the political boss (who is of quite different species from the political leader) are ways of darkness which depend for their success upon the obscurity in which they are pursued. The boss who so far misinterprets the sources of his power as to submit himself to the suffrages of the people, especially at a moment of awakened public sentiment, courts disaster. Fortunately, the disaster which has fallen upon this one rash boss has been swift and overwhelming.

THE ALDRIDGE DEFEAT AND THE DIRECT PRIMARY

The defeat of Mr. Aldridge is a timely illustration on the negative side of the service which the direct primary can render. The Republican voters of Monroe County could repudiate Mr. Aldridge only by helping to elect a Democrat. The "boss" held the convention which nominated him in the hollow of his hand. He was the candidate, not of the Republican voters of Monroe County, but of George W. Aldridge. The result of the election shows what a farce it is to contend that the Republicans would have nominated Mr. Aldridge if they could have helped themselves. It ought to have been possible for them to nominate a man for whom they could vote; and it is just this result which the Hinman-Green bill would bring about. Let us imagine for a moment what would have happened if the system provided for by that bill had been in operation. There would have been in existence a Congressional Committee elected by the party voters a year ago. That committee would have named its candidate for the Republican nomination. Possibly Mr. Aldridge would have controlled that committee, and they would have named him,

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as the convention did. After the choice by the committee, which must be made in an open session and given immediate publicity, the party voters would have had a period of four weeks in which to consider what they would do. If they approved the suggestion of the committee, no further candidates would be put forward; if they did not, a group of them could, by petition, present another candidate, or several groups several candidates. Then, at a primary election held under the same conditions and safeguards as a regular election, all the registered voters of the party would have had a chance to choose between the selection of the committee and the candidates suggested by other groups of voters. Is it conceivable that the body of Republican voters, who repudiated Mr. Aldridge at the polls to the extent of a change of sixteen thousand votes from the result of the last election, would not have repudiated Mr. Aldridge at the primary election if he had been put forward for their consideration by the party committee? The convention system makes possible the nomination by an Aldridge of an Aldridge; the Hinman-Green direct primary system would make possible the repudiation of an Aldridge by the voters of the party. The Hinman-Green bill is for the second year before the Legislature. It is the product of an immense amount of study and thought on the part of Governor Hughes and a group of able legislators and political students. Since its first introduction it has aroused the widest comment all over the State. It has received support from many organizations, political and otherwise, from the press, and from public opinion expressed in many other ways. It is now in committee in the two houses of the Legislature. The time has come when it should be reported and given full and frank discussion upon the floor of each house. The people of New York State should demand, and we believe that in the publicly expressed interest in the bill they have demanded, that their representatives in the Legislature shall put themselves on record as either for or against the measure. To smother the bill in committee would be a cowardly affront to a great body of public opinion. The constituents of each legislator have a right to know just where he stands on this question.

THE END OF A FUTILE STRIKE

The Philadelphia carmen's strike is settled. Last week the men who were still out on strike—reported to be not more than half of those who originally struck—returned to work. They have now accepted the conditions which were offered by the company several weeks ago. These provided that all the men now out should be taken back, those for whom there were places available should be put to work immediately, and others should receive $2 a day until work can be found for them. The cases of the 173 men whose wholesale discharge was the immediate occasion of the strike are to be settled by arbitration. The men are to receive an increase of pay to 23 cents an hour on July 1, and additional increases of one-half cent each six months till 25 cents is reached. The men are to be free to join or not to join any organization, without intimidation or discrimination from either side. In this last condition lies the kernel of the matter. It is the evidence that the company has won, that the principle of the closed shop for which the carmen were really fighting is not yet to prevail in traction affairs in Philadelphia. The history of this two months' strike is instructive. For weeks the transportation of the city was paralyzed, for days the city was terrorized, lives were lost, hundreds of individuals injured, thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed, a general strike ordered involving scores of thousands of men, an entire community inconvenienced, bulldozed, held in siege, robbed of perhaps millions of dollars in business losses—and all for what? Less than nothing! The carmen have only weakened their position, the company has perhaps strengthened its position a little but at a fearful expense, the public has suffered at every turn. Is this the best our civilization can do in the settlement of such an industrial dispute? How long shall we allow lawless representatives of capital and labor to reconcile their differences by the street duel methods of an old-time mining camp? How long will the public continue to lock the doors, put

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out the lights, and crawl under the bed while employer and employee, like drunken "bad men," take pot shots at each other through the public streets? Labor has rights, capital has rights, but the rights of the public are immeasurably greater than both combined. It is time the public took away the "bad men's" guns and compelled them in settling their differences to respect, not only each other's rights, but the paramount rights of the public they are supposed to serve.

THE "RICE RIOT" IN CHINA

The rioting at Changsha, in central China, early in April, soon burned its fury out, together with much valuable property, but with no loss of life among the missionaries, although there are reports that many Chinese have been killed. A British gunboat quickly came up the river from Shanghai. From the Viceroy came military reinforcements to restore authority. A new Governor has also been sent to supersede his predecessor, who lost control. While the riot quelled at Changsha has prompted rioting elsewhere in the province of Hunan, the authorities are probably as competent as they are well-disposed to suppress it. The situation is quite different from that of 1900, when Government officials, for the most part, fanned the fury of the Boxers. The animosity of the mob seems to have struck at the governing class through discontent with industrial conditions, and particularly because of the high price of their staple diet, rice. Everything under Government protection, especially foreigners, naturally became an object of attack. The Japanese Consulate is reported burned, likewise the property of the Standard Oil Company; missionary property could hardly be expected to escape the same fate. The missionaries, however, all escaped by river to safety at Hankow, several hundred miles below. Changsha, a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, is the capital of Hunan, a province as large as Utah, with a population of twenty-two millions. Not till after the Boxer uprising had been suppressed did its intense hostility to foreign influences permit any missionary settlement. Soon after that American medical missionaries gained toleration, and others followed. In 1906 the Yale Foreign Missionary Society opened Ya-Li College at Changsha, manned by Yale graduates. This, with its medical department and hospital, enjoyed Government favor, sons and grandsons of high officials becoming students. At last accounts nine Protestant missions were established there—five American, three English, one Norwegian. A clean sweep of them all has been made. Their property loss, though amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, is said to be small in comparison with the total damage done. A policy of riot insurance fortunately covers the loss at Ya-Li. Indemnity will of course be made, though probably with the usual delays, but no indemnity can make good the interruption of good work, particularly of the medical service. Yet we think that Ya-Li will manage to hold next summer, as last, its preliminary examinations for Yale. The entire case does not seem to differ essentially from many a riot which has brought deeper disgrace upon our own country.

MORE SUBWAYS FOR NEW YORK

Some new subways for New York City are almost in sight. The present subway was opened in October, 1904. The extension to Brooklyn was opened in January, 1908. Since that time the growth of the city's transit system has been absolutely arrested, while the population and the amount of travel within the city have increased with startling rapidity. For a long time, in fact, the conditions have been intolerable. There are several elements which have united to cause this break in the development of New York's transportation facilities. Among them the two most important are the fact that the laws were not so framed as to encourage private capital to undertake the construction and operation of subways, and the fact that the city has had a very small margin of credit available for such construction. Both of these conditions have now been modified. A comprehensive amendment to the Public Service Commission Law was enacted a year ago which enables the city to avail itself of any one of a number of meth-

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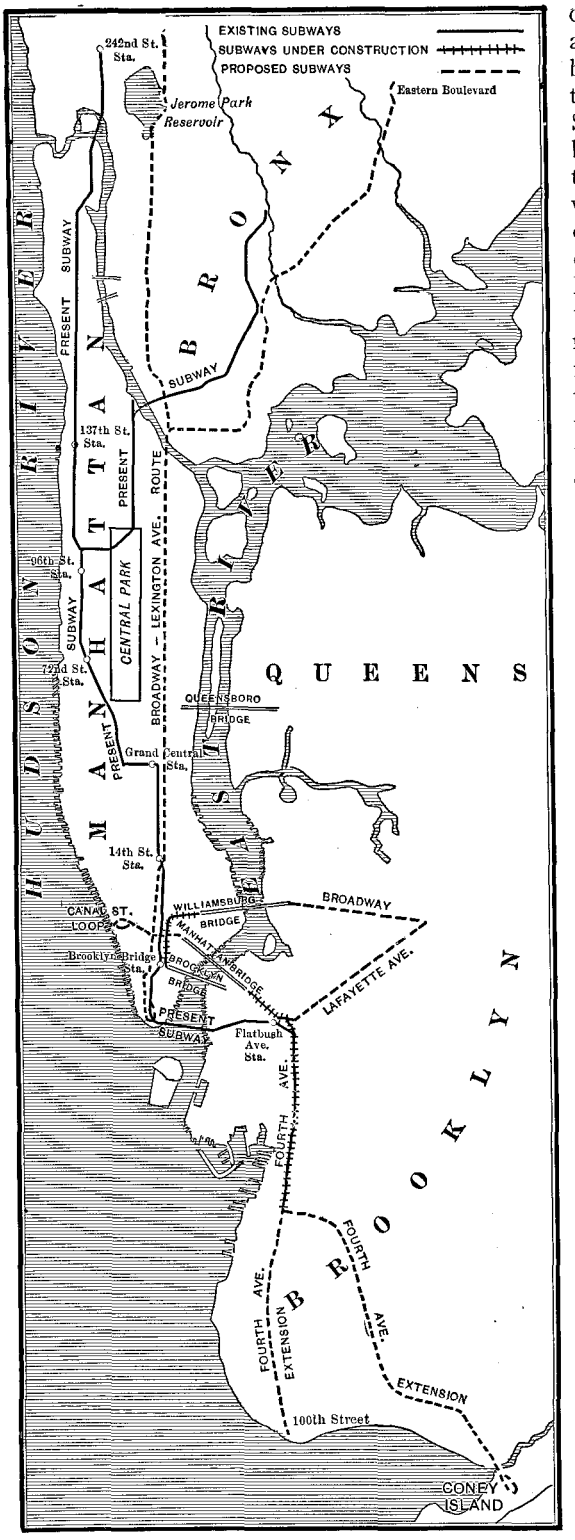

PROPOSED SUBWAYS FOR NEW YORK CITY

ods of construction and operation. The other condition has been modified by the adoption of an amendment to the State Constitution providing that bonds issued for the construction of subways and docks, which produce an income to the city, shall not be considered in determining the city's debt limit. In other words, the provision of the Constitution that the city may not borrow in the aggregate more than an amount equal to ten per cent of the assessed valuation of the taxable property in the city shall be applied without taking into consideration any money borrowed for income-producing subways or docks. Just how near the city has come to its debt limit seems to be always a vexed question, but it is estimated by good authorities that at the present time the city has a borrowing power available for subway construction of about thirteen million dollars. As soon as the Legislature has enacted the necessary law to put into operation the Constitutional amendment there will be available an additional borrowing power of between forty and fifty million dollars. Within a few weeks the contracts are to be advertised for the construction of the Broadway-Lexington Avenue route in Manhattan and the Bronx, for the Canal Street loop in lower Manhattan, for the extension of the Fourth Avenue subway in Brooklyn, and for the Broadway and Lafayette Avenue route in the same borough. There is every prospect that construction on these various lines, the routes of which are shown on the accompanying map, will be begun in the very early future. It will be several years, of course, before any of them will be in operation, but at least the citizens of New York will have something tangible on which to fix their expectations after

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several years of confronting a blank wall of apparent impassability.

HOW SUBWAYS MAY BE BUILT

The provisions of the law under which the new subways of New York are to be constructed and operated are very liberal in the alternatives which they present to the city, while at the same time they are stringent in the protection which they afford to the city's interests. Under the law the city may build a subway and operate it. This we assume in the present condition of public opinion is the method which is least likely to be adopted in the present case. The city may build a subway, using its own credit, and let it for operation to a private concern, in which case, however, the operator shall have a lease for only a short term. A private company may build, equip, and operate a subway with its own money and possess the title to the property, but in such a case it is provided that at any time after ten years the city may purchase the property at cost plus a profit of not more than fifteen per cent. It is also provided that an amortisation period shall be established at the end of which the subway shall become the property of the city without any expense whatever. It is still further provided that the profit from the operation of a subway built in this way, beyond a certain specified rate, shall be divided half and half between the operator and the city. By another method a private concern may build a subway with its own money, the title to the subway to be in the city. This method has the advantage that if the city owns the title to property it is not subject to taxation. In this case the builder would operate the subway on a fairly long lease, say fifty years, expecting in that time to earn operating expenses, the cost of construction, and interest on that cost, together with a fair profit. In this case also the profits over a certain specified rate are to be divided half and half between the city and the private company. Here, too, the city, by properly compensating the operator, may break the lease after ten years have passed. With this latitude of method and this careful protection for the city's interests there should be no further obstacle to subway construction, and this should be the beginning of a new era of transit development for New York City.

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN FRANCE

The French Parliament has closed its sessions. The great event of the late Parliament was the passage of an old age pension law. In 1906 the Chamber of Deputies, or lower house, passed an old age pension bill. The Senate, as the upper house, refused to sanction that bill on the ground of the immense financial burden to be imposed by it on the taxpayers. This bill, however, as now passed, represents the views of the Senate rather than those of the House. Henceforth nearly eighteen million French citizens, out of a total of twenty millions, engaged in all kinds of occupations, will be insured against the fear of poverty or dependence in their old age. Out of these eighteen million citizens, six million are farmers and small proprietors, whose income ranges between six hundred and a thousand dollars; for these an optional form of insurance is provided. For the remainder, the nearly twelve million farm laborers, workingmen, servants, and clerks, whose annual earnings are below six hundred dollars, there is a system of compulsory insurance. Thus France takes its place alongside Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, and Denmark, as providing for a system of old age pensions. More important, however, is the fact that France sides with Germany and Belgium as favoring the contributory instead of the non-contributory system. Germany, as the inaugurator of the system of old age pensions, requires workingmen, in order to qualify themselves for the receipt of pensions, to contribute a very small per cent of their wages annually during a certain period, and also imposes an equivalent contribution upon the employers of labor. Certainly the habit of thrift ought to be encouraged. But, however men may differ regarding the contributory and the non-contributory systems, all men must be impressed by the fact that where a few years ago the question of old age pensions had little place in practical politics anywhere and was seldom discussed except academically, it has now become a main plank in the platforms of parties in nearly every country.

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THE PIGSKIN LIBRARY

I have received so many inquiries about the "pigskin library" (as the list appeared in the first chapter of my African articles in "Scribner's Magazine"), and so many comments have been made upon it, often in connection with the list of books recently made public by ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, that I may as well myself say a word on the subject.[1]

In addition to the books enumerated as belonging to the library, various others were from time to time added; among them, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," Dumas's "Louves de Machekoule," "Tartarin de Tarascon" (not until after I had shot my lions!), Maurice Egan's "Wiles of Sexton Maginnis," James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," George Meredith's "Farina," and d'Aurevilly's "Chevalier des Touches." I also had sent out to me Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Voyage of the Beagle," Huxley's Essays, Frazer's "Passages from the Bible," Braithwaite's "Book of Elizabethan Verse," FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám," Gobineau's "Inégalité des Races Humaines" (a well-written book, containing some good guesses; but for a student to approach it for serious information would be much as if an albatross should apply to a dodo for an essay on flight), "Don Quixote," Molière, Goethe's "Faust," Green's "Short History of the English People," Pascal, Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV," the "Mémoires de M. Simon" (to read on the way home), and "The Soul's Inheritance," by George Cabot Lodge. Where possible I had them bound in pigskin. They were for use, not ornament. I almost always had some volume with me, either in my saddle-pocket or in the cartridge-bag which one of my gun-bearers carried to hold odds and ends. Often my reading would be done while resting under a tree at noon, perhaps beside the carcass of a beast I had killed, or else while waiting for camp to be pitched; and in either case it might be impossible to get water for washing. In consequence the books were stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes; ordinary bindings would either have vanished or become loathsome, whereas pigskin merely grew to look as a well-used saddle looks.

Now, it ought to be evident by a mere glance at the complete list both that the books themselves are of unequal value, and also that they were chosen for various reasons, and for this particular trip. Some few of them I would take with me on any trip of like length; but the majority I should of course change for others—as good and no better—were I to start on another such trip. On trips of various length in recent years I have taken, among many other books, the "Memoirs of Marbot," Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristotle, Joinville's "History of St. Louis," the Odyssey (Palmer's translation), volumes of Gibbon and Parkman, Lounsbury's Chaucer, Theocritus, Lea's "History of the Inquisition," Lord Acton's Essays, and Ridgeway's "Prehistoric Greece." Once I took Ferrero's "History of Rome," and liked it so much that I got the author to come to America and stay at the White House; once De La Gorce's "History of the Second Republic and Second Empire"—an invaluable book. I did not regard these books as better or worse than those I left behind; I took them because at the moment I wished to read them. The

[1] The original list of the "pigskin library" was as follows:

Bible.
Apocrypha.
Borrow: "Bible in Spain," "Zingali," "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," "The Romany Rye."
Shakespeare.
Spenser: "Faerie Queene."
Marlowe.
Mahan: "Sea Power."
Macaulay: History, Essays, Poems.
Homer: Iliad, Odyssey.
La Chanson de Roland.
Nibelungenlied.
Carlyle: "Frederick the Great."
Shelley: Poems.
Bacon: Essays.
Lowell: Literary Essays, "Biglow Papers."
Emerson: Poems.
Longfellow.
Tennyson.
Poe: Tales, Poems.
Keats.
Milton: "Paradise Lost" (Books I and II).
Dante: "Inferno" (Carlyle's translation).
Holmes: "Autocrat," "Over the Teacups."
Bret Harte: Poems, "Tales of the Argonauts," "Luck of Roaring Camp."
Browning: Selections.
Crothers: "Gentle Reader."
Mark Twain: "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer."
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
Euripides (Murray's translation): "Hippolytus," "Bacchæ."
The Federalist.
Gregorovius: "Rome."
Scott: "Legend of Montrose," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "Rob Roy," "Antiquary."
Cooper: "Pilot," "Two Admirals."
Froissart.
Percy's Reliques.
Thackeray: "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis."
Dickens: "Mutual Friend," "Pickwick."

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choice would largely depend upon what I had just been reading. This time I took Euripides, because I had just been reading Murray's "History of the Greek Epic."[1] Having become interested in Mahaffy's essays on Hellenistic Greece, I took Polybius on my next trip; having just read Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "History of Alexander," I took Arrian on my next hunt; something having started me reading German poetry, I once took Schiller, Koerner, and Heine to my ranch; another time I started with a collection of essays on and translations from early Irish poetry; yet another time I took Morris's translations of various Norse Sagas, including the Heimskringla, and liked them so much that I then incautiously took his translation of Beowulf, only to find that while it had undoubtedly been translated out of Anglo-Saxon, it had not been translated into English, but merely into a language bearing a specious resemblance thereto. Once I took the "History of the Growth of the Moral Instinct;" but I did not often take scientific books, simply because as yet scientific books rarely have literary value. Of course a really good scientific book should be as interesting to read as any other good book; and the volume in question was taken because it fulfilled this requirement, its eminent Australian author being not only a learned but a brilliant man.

I as emphatically object to nothing but heavy reading as I do to nothing but light reading—all that is indispensable being that the heavy and the light reading alike shall be both interesting and wholesome. So I have always carried novels with me, including, as a rule, some by living authors, but (unless I had every confidence in the author) only if I had already read the book. Among many, I remember offhand a few such as "The Virginian," "Lin McLean," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Uncle Remus," "Aaron of the Wild Woods," "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son," "Many Cargoes," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "David Harum," "The Crisis," "The Silent Places," "Marse Chan," "Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour," "All on the Irish Shore," "The Blazed Trail," "Stratagems and Spoils," "Knights in Fustian," "Selma," "The Taskmasters," Edith Wyatt's "Every Man to His Humor," the novels and stories of Octave Thanet—I wish I could remember more of them, for personally I have certainly profited as much by reading really good and interesting novels and stories as by reading anything else, and from the contemporary ones I have often reached, as in no other way I could have reached, an understanding of how real people feel in certain country districts, and in certain regions of great cities like Chicago and New York.

Of course I also generally take out some of the novels of those great writers of the past whom one can read over and over again; and occasionally one by some writer who was not great—like "The Semi-attached Couple," a charming little early-Victorian or pre-Victorian tale which I suppose other people cannot like as I do, or else it would be reprinted.

Above all, let me insist that the books which I have taken were and could only be a tiny fraction of those for which I cared and which I continually read, and that I care for them neither more nor less than for those I left at home. I took "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael" and "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," because I had just finished "Fire and Sword;" "Moby Dick," because I had been rereading "Omoo" and "Typee;" Gogol's "Taras Bulba," because I wished to get the Cossack view of what was described by Sienkiewicz from the Polish side; some of Maurice Jokai, and "St. Peter's Umbrella" (I am not at all sure about the title), because my attention at the moment was on Hungary and the novels of Topelius when I happened to be thinking of Finland. I took Dumas's cycle of romances dealing with the French Revolution, because I had just finished Carlyle's work thereon—and I felt that of the two the novelist was decidedly the better historian. I took "Salammbo" and "The Nabab" rather than scores of other French novels simply because at the moment I happened to see them and think that I would like to read them. I doubt if I ever took anything of Hawthorne's, but this was certainly not because I failed to recognize his genius.

[1] I am writing on the White Nile from memory; the titles I give may sometimes be inaccurate, and I cannot, of course, begin to remember all the books I have at different times taken out with me.

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Now, all this means that I take with me on any trip, or on all trips put together, but a very small proportion of the books that I like; and that I like very many and very different kinds of books, and do not for a moment attempt anything so preposterous as a continual comparison between books which may appeal to totally different needs, totally different sets of emotions. For instance, one correspondent pointed out to me that Tennyson was "trivial" compared to Browning, and another complained that I had omitted Walt Whitman; another asked why I put Longfellow "on a level" with Tennyson. I believe I did take Walt Whitman on one hunt, and I like Browning, Tennyson, and Longfellow, all of them, without thinking it necessary to compare them. It is largely a matter of personal taste. In a recent English review I glanced at an article on English verse of to-day in which, after enumerating various writers of the first and second classes, the writer stated that Kipling was at the head of the third class of "ballad-mongers;" it happened that I had never even heard of most of the men he mentioned in the first two classes, whereas I should be surprised to find that there was any one of Kipling's poems which I did not already know. I do not quarrel with the taste of the critic in question, but I see no reason why any one should be guided by it. So with Longfellow. A man who dislikes or looks down upon simple poetry, ballad poetry, will not care for Longfellow; but if he really cares for "Chevy Chase," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Twa Corbies," Michael Drayton's "Agincourt," Scott's "Harlaw," "Eve of St. John's," and the Flodden fight in "Marmion," he will be apt to like such poems as the "Saga of King Olaf," "Othere," "The Driving Cloud," "Belisarius," "Helen of Tyre," "Enceladus," "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," "Paul Revere," and "Simon Danz." I am exceeding fond of these, and of many, many other poems of Longfellow. This does not interfere in the least with my admiration for "Ulysses," "The Revenge," "The Palace of Art," the little poems in "The Princess," and in fact most of Tennyson. Nor does my liking for Tennyson prevent my caring greatly for "Childe Roland," "Love Among the Ruins," "Proteus," and nearly all the poems that I can understand, and some that I can merely guess at, in Browning. I do not feel the slightest need of trying to apply a common measuring-rule to these three poets, any more than I find it necessary to compare Keats with Shelley, or Shelley with Poe. I enjoy them all.

As regards Mr. Eliot's list, I think it slightly absurd to compare any list of good books with any other list of good books in the sense of saying that one list is "better" or "worse" than another. Of course a list may be made up of worthless or noxious books; but there are so many thousands of good books that no list of small size is worth considering if it purports to give the "best" books. There is no such thing as *the* hundred best books, or *the* best five-foot library; but there can be drawn up a very large number of lists, each of which shall contain *a* hundred good books or fill *a* good five-foot library. This is, I am sure, all that Mr. Eliot has tried to do.[1] His is in most respects an excellent list, but it is of course in no sense a list of the best books for all people, or for all places and times. The question is largely one of the personal equation. Some of the books which Mr. Eliot includes I would not put in a five-foot library, nor yet in a fifty-foot library; and he includes various good books which are at least no better than many thousands (I speak literally) which he leaves out. This is of no consequence so long as it is frankly conceded that any such list must represent only the individual's personal preferences, that it is merely a list of *good* books, and that there can be no such thing as a list

[1] Readers of this editorial by Mr. Roosevelt will be interested in the statements by Mr. Eliot which appear in an article by him in "Collier's Weekly" for April 23. From that article we quote three sentences; one because it so closely parallels Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of what Mr. Eliot has undertaken to do, the others because they give some explanation of omissions from the "five-foot shelf" which Mr. Roosevelt notes later in his editorial:

"The purpose of The Harvard Classics is, therefore, one very different from that of the many collections in which the editor's aim has been to select the hundred or the fifty best books in the world; it is nothing less than the purpose to present so ample and characteristic a record of the stream of the world's thought that the observant reader's mind shall be enriched, refined, and fertilized by it."

"Many famous and desirable books on history had to be excluded because of their length."

"Finally, the whole of nineteenth century fiction, with two exceptions, was excluded; partly because of its great bulk, and partly because it is easily accessible."—THE EDITORS.

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of the *best* books. It would be useless even to attempt to make a list with such pretensions unless the library were to extend to many thousand volumes, for there are many voluminous writers, most of whose writings no educated man ought to be willing to spare. For instance, Mr. Eliot evidently does not care for history; at least he includes no historians as such. Now, personally, I would not include, as Mr. Eliot does, third or fourth rate plays, such as those of Dryden, Shelley, Browning, and Byron (whose greatness as poets does not rest on such an exceedingly slender foundation as these dramas supply), and at the same time completely omit Gibbon and Thucydides, or even Xenophon and Napier. Macaulay and Scott are practically omitted from Mr. Eliot's list; they are the two nineteenth-century authors that I should most regret to lose. Mr. Eliot includes the Æneid and leaves out the Iliad; to my mind this is like including Pope and leaving out Shakespeare. In the same way, Emerson's "English Traits" is included and Holmes's "Autocrat" excluded—an incomprehensible choice from my standpoint. So with the poets and novelists. It is a mere matter of personal taste whether one prefers giving a separate volume to Burns or to Wordsworth or to Browning; it certainly represents no principle of selection. "I Promessi Sposi" is a good novel; to exclude in its favor "Vanity Fair," "Anna Karénina," "Les Misérables," "The Scarlet Letter," or hundreds of other novels, is entirely excusable as a mere matter of personal taste, but not otherwise. Mr. Eliot's volumes of miscellaneous essays, "Famous Prefaces" and the like, are undoubtedly just what certain people care for, and therefore what they ought to have, as there is no harm in such collections; though personally I doubt whether there is much good, either, in this "tidbit" style of literature.

Let me repeat that Mr. Eliot's list is a good list, and that my protest is merely against the belief that it is possible to make any list of the kind which shall be more than a list as good as many scores or many hundreds of others. Aside from personal taste, we must take into account national tastes and the general change in taste from century to century. There are four books so pre-eminent—the Bible, Shakespeare, Homer, and Dante—that I suppose there would be a general consensus of opinion among the cultivated men of all nationalities in putting them foremost; but as soon as this narrow limit was passed there would be the widest divergence of choice, according to the individuality of the man making the choice, to the country in which he dwelt, and the century in which he lived. An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, would draw up totally different lists, simply because each must necessarily be the child of his own nation.[1]

We are apt to speak of the judgment of "posterity" as final; but "posterity" is no single entity, and the "posterity" of one age has no necessary sympathy with the judgments of the "posterity" that preceded it by a few centuries. Montaigne, in a very amusing and, on the whole, sound essay on training children, mentions with pride that when young he read Ovid instead of wasting his time on "'King Arthur,' 'Lancelot du Lake,' . . . and such idle time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of books, wherein youth doth commonly amuse itself." Of course the trashy books which he had specially in mind were the romances which Cervantes not long afterwards destroyed at a stroke. But Malory's book and others were then extant; and yet Montaigne, in full accord with the educated taste of his day, saw in them nothing that was not ridiculous. His choice of Ovid as representing a culture and wisdom immeasurably greater and more serious shows how much the judgment of the "posterity" of the sixteenth century differed from that of the nineteenth, in which the highest literary thought was

[1] The same would be true, although of course to a less extent, of an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, in spite of the fact that all speak substantially the same language. I am entirely aware that if I made an anthology of poems, I should include a great many American poems—like Whittier's "Snow-Bound," "Ichabod," and "Laus Deo;" like Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and "Biglow Papers"—which could not mean to an Englishman what they mean to me. In the same way, such an English anthology as the "Oxford Book of English Verse" is a good anthology—as good as many other anthologies—as long as it confines itself to the verse of British authors. But it would have been far better to exclude American authors entirely; for the choice of the American verse included in the volume, compared in quantity and quality with the corresponding British verse of the same period which is selected, makes it impossible to treat the book seriously, if it is regarded as a compendium of the authors of both countries.

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deeply influenced by the legends of Arthur's knights and hardly at all by anything Ovid wrote. Dante offers an even more striking instance. If "posterity's" judgment could ever be accepted as final, it would seem to be when delivered by a man like Dante in speaking of the men of his own calling who had been dead from one to two thousand years. Well, Dante gives a list of the six greatest poets. One of them, he modestly mentions, is himself, and he was quite right. Then come Virgil and Homer, and then Horace, Ovid, and *Lucan!* Nowadays we simply could not understand such a choice, which omits the mighty Greek dramatists (with whom in the same canto Dante shows his acquaintance) and includes one poet whose works come about in the class of the "Columbiad."

With such an example before us, let us be modest about dogmatizing overmuch. The ingenuity exercised in choosing the "Hundred Best Books" is all right if accepted as a mere amusement, giving something of the pleasure derived from a missing-word puzzle. But it does not mean much more. There are very many thousands of good books; some of them meet one man's needs, some another's; and any list of such books should simply be accepted as meeting a given individual's needs under given conditions of time and surroundings.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Khartum, March 15, 1910.

MARK TWAIN

It is well within the literal truth to say that no American writer of our day has given to so large a number of people so great an amount of innocent entertainment as Samuel Langhorne Clemens. This is obviously a matter quite apart from the question of the fineness of literary quality in his work. On that point critical opinions differ; there are those who consider that Mr. Clemens's "Joan of Arc" may claim high place among seriously imaginative works of literature, and that in other writings he showed at times far more than the talent of the whimsical humorist. Certainly in those delightful boys, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and in such tales as "The Prince and the Pauper," he did leave in his reader's memory-gallery distinct and individual character creations. It is really a tribute to his variety of interest that readers of many degrees of culture and taste are champions of half a dozen different specimens of his art as entitled to be called favorite and best: one, for instance, thinks the "Jumping Frog" inimitable; another deems it immensely overrated and prefers the keen irony of "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court;" others select as deliciously humorous certain of the sketches of Mark Twain's experiences abroad or even bits of his longer books like "Roughing It" and "The Gilded Age;" while almost all enjoy "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" because, as one critic has said, the author has here surpassed in that he has vividly portrayed the American boy and given his readers "an adequate impression of the large, homely, spontaneous life led by native Americans in the great valley of the Mississippi."

Mr. Clemens was half way through his seventy-fifth year when he died at "Stormfield," his home at Redding, Connecticut, on Thursday of last week. His early life in Missouri, his rambling experiences in mining, steamboat piloting, and newspaper work, his first book-success with "Innocents Abroad," the long list of romances, stories, and sketches that followed, together with later eventful incidents, notable among which was the bestowal of his doctor's degree at Oxford three years ago—all this is familiar to most Americans, and much of the story has been told discursively and oddly in Mark Twain's own purposely inconsecutive autobiographical papers. One of many tributes to his memory from fellow-writers may be quoted—that of James Whitcomb Riley: "The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart, and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

In his personal friendships and family life Mr. Clemens was peculiarly fortunate. He was in certain ways also a National figure. Repeatedly his force and wit were used to strengthen public causes and to encour-

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age right doing and right thinking. No advocacy of a public nature, however, could have more lasting power than the private example he gave of scrupulous honor. He voluntarily bore for years the burden of financial liability incurred in his name through the publishing business in which he had been unwise enough to become a partner. Refusing to accept the legal benefits of bankruptcy, he set to work, like Walter Scott, to pay his debtors by his pen; and that he not only succeeded, but re-established his own fortunes, was a general cause for felicitation and rejoicing.

Mark Twain's humor had not only the element of exaggeration which is said to be more especially characteristic of American writers of this class; it had also drollery and unexpected turns, as unlike Artemus Ward on the one hand as they were distant from Thackeray on the other. In common with most other professed humorists, his flint did not always strike fire; there were undoubtedly commonplace and even tedious passages; he did not often deal successfully with plot, and sometimes he mistook the melodramatic for the dramatic. But his best was so very good that his popularity has become fixed and general, and there is no doubt that he will continue to be read both here and abroad for many years to come.

That Mark Twain more often than not had a serious purpose in his writing could easily be shown; sometimes that purpose was to hold up to contempt despicable or sordid actions or traits of character; sometimes it was to teach affirmatively and aggressively principles of fairness, truth, kindness, and generosity. Mark Twain's influence never tended toward meanness, snobbery, or ostentation. More also than most writers with a popular following, he established in his books and sketches a feeling of personal friendliness, almost intimacy, with men of all sorts; his works are on the shelf of professor and mechanic. The fact that thousands with whom "Mark Twain" is a household word, as the name not only of a writer but of an individual, might have to think twice before recalling the name Samuel L. Clemens is perhaps unique in the history of pseudonyms, and has a significance of its own.

THE HABIT OF IMMORTALITY

Faith in immortality is not an opinion founded on argument; it is a habit of mind: the habit of looking on the things that are invisible, for the things that are invisible are immortal.

We live in two worlds: a world that we can see and hear and touch, and a world that is invisible, inaudible, intangible. The invisible world is the important world, the real world, the enduring world.

The invisible makes the home. It is made not by stone or brick or wood, but by faith and hope and love binding together husband and wife, parents and children. The cynic sneers at love in a cottage. But love in a cottage makes a home, which hate in a palace can never make.

The invisible makes the school. Laboratories, libraries, dormitories, refectories, do not make a school. A millionaire can never make a school. One of the greatest schools the world has ever seen, one whose influence outlasts the centuries, had neither laboratory, library, nor dormitory. It was the school which Plato taught in the grove at Athens.

The invisible makes the nation. The nation is not made great, it is not made rich, it is not made at all, by mines and forests and prairies and water powers. These all existed in America four centuries ago, and America was not a great nation. Great men make a nation great; and the qualities that make men great are invisible. We see their effects; but the qualities we do not see.

The invisible makes commercial prosperity possible. For commercial prosperity is built upon credit; and credit is faith in the honesty of our fellow-men; and honesty is invisible. It has neither form, nor color, nor odor, nor sound. We cannot see it, nor hear it, nor smell it, nor touch it. There are to-day men serving out their allotted terms in State's prison who a few months ago owned a railway or a bank or a factory, who had money invested, employees at their beck and call, and friends subservient to them, men of energy and enterprise and financial shrewdness, but who lacked honesty. And for lack of that invisible honesty they are

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bankrupt alike in property, in reputation, and in character.

We are apt to think that the real is material and the immaterial is unreal. But that is not true. The reverse is true. The invisible is the real; the visible is valuable only as it is either the symbol or the instrument of the invisible.

The school-boy writes these figures on his slate: $\begin{smallmatrix}2\\2\\4\end{smallmatrix}$ and says two and two make four. But the two and the two which he has written on the slate do not make the four which he has written on the slate. For both the twos are there unchanged, and the four also. The two and two that make four are in his head—invisible. The figures on the slate are not the realities, they are only symbols which interpret the realities, and the realities are invisible.

The orchestra does not make music; it is only an instrument for conveying music from one spirit to other spirits. The orchestra no more makes the music which it conveys than the telegraphic wire makes the message which it conveys. Music is not a volume of sound; it is an experience which sound transmits from one soul to another soul. The composer creates in himself the symphony. He translates this creation into symbolic language upon a sheet of paper. The orchestra translates this translation into chords. These chords received through the ear awaken in the hearer an experience similar to that which was in the soul of the original composer.

"Consider it well: each tone of a scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

What has the hearer heard and seen? He has heard and seen the invisible, inaudible experience that was in the soul of the composer.

A library is not literature. It is only a series of symbols through which literature, which is an invisible life, passes from author to reader. When Macaulay refreshed himself by repeating to himself the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," which he had committed to memory, he was enjoying literature, though he had no printed page before him. The symbols change, but the reality which the symbols reveal remains the same. The Lord's Prayer is still the same Lord's Prayer, whether one says Our Father or *Pater Noster* or Unser Vater. The Bible is still the Bible, whether we read it in the King James Version or in the Revised Version or in the Twentieth Century New Testament. For the Bible is not the bound and printed book. That is only the instrument by which the experience of faith and hope and love, of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, which was in the hearts of the sacred writers, is conveyed to our hearts.

The invisible world is the enduring world. The material is ever subject to decay, disintegration, death; the immaterial lives on. Disease cannot infect it; decay cannot disintegrate it; death cannot destroy it. This is what Isaiah means in his dramatic dialogue between the celestial Voice and the Prophet.

The Voice: Cry!

The Prophet: What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of Jehovah bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass.

The Voice: True! The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. But—the word of our God shall stand forever.

The material decays; the immaterial of which the material is the symbol and the instrument does not decay. It dies not; it cannot die. The temples and statues of Greece are in ruins; but the beauty which they interpreted to the world the world has never lost and never will lose. The palaces and roadways and aqueducts of Rome are in ruin; but the sense of law and order which Rome gave to the world the world still possesses. Of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem it is almost literally true that not one stone is left upon another, and its splendid if somewhat barbaric ritual has no analogy in any modern service; but the reverence paid to the God of justice and of love in its sacred psalmody and its sacrificial offerings is uttered in other forms of expression by Jew and Gentile, in synagogue,

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cathedral, and meeting-house. The material dies; the immaterial is immortal.

We live in a world of invisible personalities bound together by invisible bonds. For we do not truly see each other; we only see each other's habitations. What makes an athlete? Bone? Sinew? Muscle? Nerve? No! If the possessor of bone, sinew, muscle, nerve, is lazy, logy, inert, a coward, is he an athlete? One of the greatest of collegiate high jumpers was a lame man. A spirit energetic, alert, courageous, using the bone and sinew and muscle, makes the athlete. And these qualities of the spirit are invisible. There are no scales delicate enough to weigh them; no microscope will make them visible; no tape line can give their measure.

Half a century has intervened to separate me from my college mate. When we meet, we do not recognize each other's features. But five minutes of intercourse have not passed before we recognize each the other's spirit. All that is visible has changed. The invisible remains essentially the same. How often, after five or ten years of acquaintance, we say of some friend at some unsuspected disclosure of power, "I did not know that was in him." But it was in him, though unseen; a part of his invisible, his real, his unknown self. "Neither race nor tradition," says Professor Hugo Münsterberg, "nor the actual past, binds the American to his countrymen, but rather the future which together they are building." What is this but saying that America is a nation of invisible personalities bound together by what Mr. Herbert Croly well calls a "vision of a better future"? It is this invisible vision of a better future which makes out of all these heterogeneous elements a true nation.

It cannot be doubted that our old-time form of faith in immortality is growing dim; in some of us it has wholly disappeared.

Science has made the ancient images unreal. We cannot picture to ourselves beneath our feet an awful pit in which

> "A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
> As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
> No light but rather darkness visible."

We know too well the interior of the earth beneath our feet to believe the vision. We cannot picture to ourselves above the starry dome a celestial city whose foundations are adorned with precious stones, whose gates are pearl, and whose pavements are gold. For we know there is no starry dome, but only illimitable space.

The ancient images no longer appeal even to our emotions. When mankind believed in the deterrent power of fear and deemed it just to flay alive, boil alive, and break upon the wheel the common criminal, it was easy to imagine a torture-chamber as the instrument of God's justice. But now that we have learned that the inspiring power of hope and love are the true remedial agents, and that justice and mercy are handmaidens, we can no longer attribute to a just God a wrath which is unjust in man. Hell-fire has disappeared from the other world as torture has disappeared from this. Nor does the vision of singing endless psalms in an eternal praise-service appeal to men who have learned to find greater joy in service and sacrifice than in ceaseless song.

Religious faith is taking on a new direction. We are becoming more interested in banishing hell from earth than in escaping from hell hereafter; more interested in bringing the kingdom of heaven on the earth than in preparing on the earth for a kingdom in a future heaven.

We must frankly recognize the change. We cannot recover the lost vision, rebuild the celestial city, go back to the mediæval theology or the mediæval images. We must go forward, not back. Our faith in a future immortality must grow out of our experience of a present immortality. It must be more Christian, less apocalyptic; less like that of John the Seer, more like that of Jesus the Worker. We must get our faith in immortality by living the immortal life.

For faith is more than an opinion; it is an experience. Faith in God is not an opinion that God exists; it is the habit of living with him. Faith in Christ is not an opinion that he is divine; it is the habit of following him. Faith in immortality is not an opinion that the soul lives after death; it is the habit of looking, not at the things

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which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, and realizing that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. To practice the habit of immortality is to live in this invisible world. It is to realize that the things that are not seen are the immortal things, the real things, the important things. It is to see in their true proportions the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the eternal. It is to see that art is more than pictures, music is more than orchestras, literature is more than libraries, the school is more than the lecture-room, religion is more than the ritual, the home is more than the house, the person is more than the tabernacle he inhabits.

He who maintains this habit, he who lives this life, will not find his faith in immortality fail him when that which is visible proves also to be temporal. If financial misfortune overtakes him and sweeps away a fortune which was acquired by patient industry and might have been saved by one act of dishonor which he scorned to commit, he will look on the fallen house of cards and say to himself, "Thank God, I have not failed. My character is not bankrupt; my honor is intact." If accident or the incendiary's torch sets his house aflame, and books, pictures, furniture, roof, walls, all are left at his feet a heap of smoking ashes, he will gather his children and his wife about him, in a tent if need be, and say, "Thank God, my home is unharmed." And when the angel of death knocks at his door, and his child or his life companion slips out from his detaining arms, and the lips are silent, and the eyes are soulless, and the heart is still, he will rise from his knees at the bedside, and, while his eyes are dimmed with tears of a strangely commingled joy and sorrow, he will say, "Thank God, she is not dead." For she could not die. She looked out through the eyes; but the eyes were not her. She spoke through the lips; but the lips were not her. She was faith and hope and love. Was? Is! For faith and hope and love cannot die. And the bonds which bound us together, invisible and immortal children of the invisible and immortal Father, are not dissolved. Disease does not infect; decay does not disintegrate; death does not destroy.

"They think me daft, who nightly meet
My face turned starward, while my feet
Stumble along the unseen street;

But should man's thoughts have only room
For earth, his cradle and his tomb,
Not for his Temple's grander gloom?

And must the prisoner all his days
Learn but his dungeon's narrow ways,
And never through its grating gaze?"

Immortality is a present possession. We are now immortal and living with the immortals. And he who forms the habit of looking on the invisible realities veiled behind the visible symbols will not lose the vision when the veil is taken away.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

SAVE THE NATION'S PROPERTY

The men who will control the water power of the United States will control American industry. The fuel that makes the steam that drives the machinery of manufacture and transportation can be exhausted. The water which can be used to drive such machinery need never be exhausted, for it is continuously renewed. Whoever, therefore, gets control of water power will possess the future substitute for fuel which will be of permanent and undiminishable value.

At present the American people have in their own possession a controlling proportion, whatever the percentage, of this vast source of energy. Do they wish to surrender that possession? Do they wish to hand it over as a free gift to they know not whom? Of course not.

Yet that is just what Senator Smoot proposes that they do. He has introduced a bill into Congress which, if passed, would deprive the United States of the control of all water power on the public domain. No one knows how vast is the wealth which this bill proposes to convey. No one can imagine the power over the destiny of the Nation that this bill proposes to surrender. And yet it is believed that there is danger of its passage.

If once this wealth, this power, passes out of the hands of the people of the United States, it can never in any peace-

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able fashion be recovered. It will have gone forever.

What does the Smoot bill provide?

First, it authorizes the President to withdraw from all disposition other than that provided in the bill any public lands which may be valuable for the development of water power, and authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to purchase such lands already acquired by settlers in good faith. Second, it directs the Secretary of the Interior to issue patent of such lands to the State or Territory in which they lie, if the State or Territory comply with certain requirements. It finally provides that if the State attempts to sell or dispose of the title of these lands, or fails to require that these lands be devoted to use of water power by lease, with rates fixed at stated intervals of ten years, or fails to forbid the monopolization of the water power, the lands shall be forfeited to the United States. In other words, the people of the United States are asked to give up the control of these water power sites to the several States, and to delegate to these States, under very general restrictions, all authority to regulate the use of them.

This is not the only bill of the sort before Congress. There are three others with similar intent.

The people of the United States should see to it that neither the Smoot bill nor its kindred measures pass. They should do more. They should send their protest like a storm against the National Capitol, so that no legislator, whether he be Senator or Representative, shall venture to propose anything of the sort hereafter.

It is said that the water of non-navigable streams belongs to the State, and should therefore be controlled by the State. Even if that is true, it is also true that the land bordering such streams in the public domain belongs to the United States, and should be used for water power plants as well as for other purposes only on terms which the United States proposes. It is said that in fairness those States that contain great tracts of the public domain should have the income from the lease of water power as other States do. If this is granted (and it is a great deal to grant in view of the past history of State resources), it could be allowed in some other fashion than by the transfer of ownership of these sites from the Nation to the States. It is said that the States should not be deprived of the right to regulate power companies within their borders. They have that right now. They are supreme within their limits. The State, under its police power, can regulate business done on the land within its borders, whether the owner of the land is an individual or the Nation. It is not a question of sovereignty that is raised. It is a question of ownership. If the Nation once allows the ownership to pass into other hands, it cannot regain it, for, even with the conditions mentioned in the Smoot bill, recovery would be difficult and extremely improbable. If, on the other hand, the Nation retains its ownership, it remains free to develop its policy regarding water power in future years. The land now belongs to the whole American people. There is no reason why it should be handed over to a part of the people. Millions of acres of swamp and overflowed lands once belonged to the Nation, but a generation ago they were handed over to the States, and are now in the hands of a few big interests. Thousands of acres of grazing lands are now virtually useless to the settlers, because swamp lands which furnish the only water for cattle on these grazing lands are held in private ownership. The history of swamp lands must not be repeated with water power sites.

The Nation can afford much better than any State to carry out a broad and statesmanlike water power policy, and is much stronger than any State as protector of the consumer.

It is because the Nation is strong that special interests are seeking to have the ownership of water power sites transferred to the States. A special interest can control a State Legislature much more easily than it can control Congress. Moreover, it can disregard the protest of the whole Nation if the State has sole control; but if the Nation has sole control, it will have to be subject to the Nation's scrutiny.

In spite of the vigorous campaign on the part of interested concerns and individuals, the people of the United States can, if they will, retain these water power sites in the ownership of the Federal Government.

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THE SPECTATOR

One of the most pleasing and successful charitable efforts of which the Spectator knows is the annual *Börnehjælpsdag* (Children's Aid Day), which is observed in the month of May in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. Its name indicates its object—to help the children. The proceeds are distributed to the children's hospitals, asylums, and schools, and to the various societies which provide food, clothing, and fresh-air outings for the little ones. It is not only successful in that it enlists the interest of almost every man, woman, and child in the city, from the members of the royal family down to the humblest subject, but also because it has grown into a kind of merry spring carnival, the spirit of which seems to be enlivening and helpful to all who participate.

Preparations for the Children's Aid Day begin early in the year: songs are written to be sung at that time; postal cards are designed to be sold on the streets; costumes and floats are arranged for the parade; and by the first week in May one begins to read in the daily papers that many of the leading actors and actresses, opera singers, and entertainers of various sorts have volunteered their services for the occasion. Quite a long list of concerts and entertainments are announced to take place at different places and hours throughout the day. Some of the regular places of amusement announce that their day's receipts will be turned into the general fund.

As the Spectator walked the streets on the day before the interesting event he saw signs of immediate preparation on every hand. Tents were being put up on the larger squares, where, on the morrow, concerts would be held, tea would be served, and sundry small articles would be sold. Booths for the sale of cakes, postcards, etc., and platforms for entertainers were being erected at the most advantageous points; busy theatrical personages were hurrying to and from last rehearsals; while skillful hands everywhere, it seemed, were busy twining the Danish flag with evergreen in the decoration of both public and private buildings. From the headquarters of the committee having the matter in charge are sent out about thirty thousand collection-boxes. In order to avoid misunderstanding, or any least chance of fraud, these are stamped at the last moment with a special mark of identification, and are systematically numbered and listed, an accurate record being kept of them. These boxes are much like steins made of tin, the top being closed except for a small, slot-like opening into which the coins are to be dropped. And what a lively clink and rattle these same "little beggars" keep up, from the earliest morning till late at night! They seem to play a sort of running accompaniment to all the day's diversions.

It was with something approaching a feeling of hilarity that the Spectator went forth on that spring day, his pockets liberally filled with small coins. To be sure, the sum total of them could have been changed into a bill—not one of exceeding high denomination at that—and he might have gone decorously up to official headquarters and paid it over in very short order; but then he would have missed all the fun of popping a few *ore* at a time into the seemingly innumerable rattling boxes presented to him on every hand and at every turn—a procedure which gave him an unwonted sense of opulence and a feeling of helping "play the game." The question is, If he had received a typewritten circular letter of appeal, or had been besought in some more formal and less "taking" way, would he have responded with the modest sum which he felt able to bestow? Possibly he might. But doubtless there are great numbers of persons who do give, gladly and readily, their small contributions to Children's Aid Day who would never be induced to do so if the appeal came to them in any other way.

The Spectator was so interested in the sights and sounds and life of the streets that day that he had no time to attend even one of the many concerts and entertainments advertised, a large number of which were, no doubt, excellent and well patronized. The first street car which he boarded on his way into town was profusely dec-

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orated with flags. On one side of the entrance hung one of the ever-present collection-boxes—most convenient for any small change one might have after paying one's fare. A large placard, conspicuously posted inside, proclaimed "*Börnehjælps-dag*, 1909." A smiling student swung his way through the car clinking a collection-box in either hand. He seemed to be meeting with the best of success, and as the Spectator dropped in his mite he began to wonder how long his pocketful of change would hold out. It looked as if it might fail long before the day's delightful experiences were over. As the Spectator left the car, a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired daughter of Denmark, dressed in national costume, came running up to him rattling her box with great energy, and in exchange for a few *ore* she presented him with a post-card, which proved on closer inspection to have been designed by her Royal Highness Princess Marie.

At the street corner on an improvised platform a man had just finished reciting some humorous verses and was going the rounds of his laughing audience with his collection-box. The Spectator was obliged to make almost constant inroad on his supply of coppers, for among the throng which crowded the streets were a small army of collectors, both young and old. Many of them were the students in their distinctive white student caps, bearing the Danish ensign. The students take a very zealous part in the day's programme; they are in evidence everywhere—giving a concert, appearing in the parade and among the populace on the streets, and helping to collect money from seven in the morning till midnight. The crowd on the streets was so great that the Spectator made slow progress. He had time to observe that collection-boxes were stationed in many of the shops, and that from some of the upper windows there were those who amused themselves by occasionally lowering their boxes on a string down into the crowd and fishing for returns in that fashion. Sometimes the giver received a little bunch of anemones or other spring flowers, sometimes a branch of tender green beechwood leaves, or a card, in return for his offering. Sometimes he did not receive anything, and often he felt obliged to shake his head to the appeals. But whether one gave or not, he was everywhere met with smiles, and a carnival spirit prevailed. On reaching at last the open square, the Spectator listened for a time to selections played by the music corps of the Royal Guard; then a May-pole dance by some little boys and girls in national costume caught his eye; farther along an appetizing odor of hot waffles greeted his nostrils, and he discovered a booth where some young ladies from a cooking-school were making and selling them to appreciative patrons. In another direction many were endeavoring to gain admission to a large tent where, it was said, Fru N——, a well-known actress, was about to sing.

It was about noon when the parade started, and then all interest centered on that. There was the Viking ship, whose occupants seemed almost as intent on pillaging as were their warlike ancestors, albeit their methods were more peaceful; then came a float trimmed with balloons, and the most curious of air-ships, all flying and whirling in the most distracting manner; then there were gypsy-wagons, firemen in uniform, fisherwomen from Amager in their picturesque costumes of stiff white kerchiefs tied about their heads, wooden shoes, and short woolen skirts. And there were turnouts of many known and many hitherto unknown descriptions. The floats which seemed to delight the children most and please the grown people as well were representations and scenes from the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Everybody believed in fairies for the time, and young folks from eight to eighty greeted with genuine childish enthusiasm the appearance of "The Chimney Sweep," "The Kaiser's New Clothes," and others. These seemed to be doing such an excellent business that it looked as though their only difficulty would be in keeping supplied with a sufficient number of collection-boxes. Nor did this seem at all strange as one remembered that this was the home of Hans Christian Andersen, and that, if his stories are beloved by children of other lands, they are doubly dear to the little Danes, whose parents have seen this

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quaint man of the wonderful imagination walking the streets of their native city.

When the Spectator read in the papers the following day that machines were used to count the money, and that by their aid one thousand pieces could be counted per minute, he concluded that he had not caused much extra labor by the way he had made his contribution; and that that manner of making it had given him more pleasure than any previous donation he had ever made to charity, he was equally convinced. He also learned that *Børnehjælpsdag* is an institution of many years' standing; that it has grown in scope and interest from year to year, and become as permanent as any of the fixed calendar holidays.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN EGYPT

AN IMPRESSION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

FOR three weeks I have been living in a kaleidoscopic confusion of receptions, Pyramids, dinners, camels, speeches, Sudanese regiments, colossal statues, Moslems, Copts, minarets, bazaars, missionaries, deserts of golden-orange color, purple cliffs, the emerald-green Nile (for the Nile, while sometimes blue and sometimes muddy, moves always between banks of growing crops and palm trees, which form a ribbon of ever-living green), British soldiers in their scarlet coats, Egyptian civil officials in the ever-present red fez or tarboosh, Moslem sheiks in their parti-colored turbans and robes, fellaheen women in their black mantles ornamented sometimes with a bit of blue, naked children on the edge of the desert clad in no color at all except that of the original skin in which they were born, and, above it all, a wonderful sky from which no rain ever falls, flecked with clouds which at sunset are beautiful beyond description in their changing and iridescent shades.

But, like the kaleidoscope, this confusion of color, life, and action assumes a definite and coherent form as it centers around the personality of Mr. Roosevelt. The impression on my mind as I now look back is something like this: the desert and Mr. Roosevelt, the temples and Mr. Roosevelt, the British and Mr. Roosevelt, the Nile and Mr. Roosevelt, the Egyptian fellaheen or peasants and Mr. Roosevelt, and so on, and so on. And this is not because he thrusts himself forward or seeks the center of the stage, but because his interest in, knowledge of, and sympathy with all forms and manifestations of human life, either of the past or of the present time, is so comprehensive and genuine that naturally men and things somehow or other seem to gravitate toward him and group themselves around him.

Lord Milner in his "England and Egypt" (which ought to be read by every one who is at all interested in the present-day social and political conditions of the extraordinarily interesting country which the volume describes) makes the following pertinent comment upon the tourists in Egypt, whose numbers are increasing every year: "Among the thousands of travelers who annually visit Egypt for health, amusement, or instruction, there are, say, one per cent—but that is nowadays no inconsiderable number—who, despite the attractions of the ancient monuments of the country and the striking features which characterize its present life, have some interest to spare for the social and economic conditions on which the welfare of its picturesque inhabitants depends, and for the strange political experiment, unique in history, of which it is at this moment the scene." To this one per cent Mr. Roosevelt belongs by all the forces of his nature, and in every incident of his visit, from the moment when I met him on the railway station platform at Khartum, on March 14, until he sailed from Alexandria on March 30 for Naples, it was evident that

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what absorbed him was the political, social, industrial, and moral life of Egypt to-day, considered in its relation to its past of illimitable and shadowy antiquity, and to the future part the country will play in the history of civilization. It is this phase of his Egyptian visit which I shall endeavor to briefly describe in this letter—briefly, because it is of course impossible to relate in detail all the picturesque and dramatic scenes and incidents of the journey.

In one respect Mr. Roosevelt's tour of Egypt was a failure. More than a year ago he told me one day at Oyster Bay that he proposed to travel in Egypt and in Europe as a private citizen, that he no more needed a secretary or a personal staff than any other American citizen who goes abroad. But he has not succeeded in this respect. He has been treated everywhere as a personage. The military and civil authorities, and the Khedive himself, joined in making every arrangement, not only for his comfort and pleasure and those of his immediate party, but for showing him as fully as possible the objects of interest in the country and the present-day work of the Government. At Khartum he and his family were the guests of Sir Reginald Wingate, the Governor-General of the Sudan and the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, at the Governor-General's palace—a spacious and beautiful house standing in a garden which would be noteworthy for its landscape arrangement and for the luxuriance of its flowers, plants, and trees even in a European capital. At a dinner party given in Mr. Roosevelt's honor one evening a regimental band of Sudanese blacks played a programme of European music in this garden. When I called his attention to this band and to the fact, which I had learned, that only a few years ago some of the musicians were actually savages, he said, "I want to speak to those men," and, going down from the balcony into the garden, he shook hands with the ebony-colored bandmaster and made a very brief address to the band on the value of bravery, faithfulness, and honesty in the soldier, and the necessity of their loyalty to the Government which had given them and the Sudan a degree of security and prosperity never before known in their history. The only Europeans in the group were Mr. Roosevelt, Sir Rudolph Baron von Slatin (or Slatin Pasha, as he is generally known), and myself, but when the speech was translated to the men by Slatin Pasha, it was apparent that it made a great impression upon them. Perhaps no white man had ever talked to them in quite so intimate and friendly and direct a fashion before. In one sense it was a trifling incident—the other dinner guests knew nothing about it—and yet it may be said to have struck the keynote of Mr. Roosevelt's Egyptian journey. Twelve years ago Khartum, which is now a beautiful and orderly city, was the scene of the barbarous atrocities of the uprising led by the Mahdi—the uprising in which General Gordon was killed, in which Slatin Pasha was a captive under the most dramatic circumstances at Omdurman, and which was brought to a triumphal conclusion by General Kitchener. During his journey and at every opportunity Mr. Roosevelt spoke in public and private upon the various aspects of this one theme, namely, that human rights, human liberty, and national prosperity can march only hand in hand with justice, law and order, and a respect for governmental authority. At the ancient and native city of Omdurman, which is now almost a suburb of Khartum, and to which an excursion was organized by Slatin Pasha that was full of the picturesque color that I have attempted very inadequately to suggest at the beginning of this letter, Mr. Roosevelt spoke to the pupils of the Government School on the relation of education to the general theme of law and order, and to the merchants of the bazaars on the relation of commerce to this theme. In each case his vigorous and incisive language was translated by Slatin Pasha and was received with enthusiasm. One feature of the Omdurman excursion that particularly struck me was the native music of the band of the Sudanese regiment which was reviewed by Colonel Roosevelt as part of the programme of the day. This band played a native military march called the "Nubawi," and, although I am not a military man, I believe that under the influence of its wild and inspiriting strains I could be led to charge the most impregnable fortress or an enemy

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of overwhelming numbers. The Sudanese native soldiers composing this regiment were a fine body of men, and performed their evolutions with a skill and precision that reflected great credit upon the educational skill of the English officers in command of the Sudan. This is a case where peace and civil prosperity depend almost entirely upon the protection of military efficiency. And, by the way, may I explain in passing why I have dropped into a use of the military title of "Colonel" in speaking of Mr. Roosevelt? When he left home, it was his preference that this title should not be used, but it was everywhere employed as a matter of course by the Egyptians and the English in the Sudan and Egypt, and it appears probable that, in spite of his own inclination, it may be very generally adopted at home. It smacked a little of affectation not to follow the general custom, and so I find myself now speaking to him and of him as Colonel Roosevelt.

The journey across the Nubian Desert and down the Nile was made in great comfort; special trains and the Sirdar's private steamer were placed at Colonel Roosevelt's disposal by the Government, for the railways in the Sudan and Egypt are Government railways. At Luxor Colonel Roosevelt addressed the American Mission School for Girls. He emphasized the fact that no nation can rise in the scale of civilization unless the women rise in education and in character with the men. This may appear to have been an indirect criticism of the Moslem and Turkish view of the status of women. Perhaps it was, but it was put tactfully, and was received with approval and applause. Colonel Roosevelt's party visited the chief monuments and temples between Khartum and Cairo under the guidance in each instance of archæological authorities connected with the Government, and the real knowledge which he displayed of archæology and what is popularly known as "ancient history" elicited expressions of the greatest interest and surprise from these experts. But even archæology could not divert his application of what he saw to modern life. In the rock-hewn tombs of Sakkara some beautiful cameo-like carvings were displayed upon the wall, picturing the life of the Egyptian civilization of thousands of years ago. One series of carvings presented the picture of a law court in which a witness was being horribly tortured in the presence of the judge to extort a confession. "I wish," said Colonel Roosevelt, "that those pessimists who believe that civilization is not making a steady evolutionary progress could see this carving. Here is a king portraying as one of the virtues of his reign a state of vicious cruelty which would not have been tolerated by Tammany Hall in its worst days of corruption. The water cure, I am sorry to say, was sometimes practiced in the Philippines, but it was practiced secretly, and no man who employed it would have been willing to have the fact inscribed upon his tombstone!"

The incidents connected with Colonel Roosevelt's address at the University of Cairo, and the effect produced by it, I have already described in a previous letter. Another university experience is worth relating as indicating what I have already spoken of, Colonel Roosevelt's knowledge of and sympathy with every phase of human life and activity. One morning he visited the ancient Moslem University of El-Azhar, where eight or nine thousand students seated on the floor cross-legged still study the Koran in mediæval fashion. None of the University authorities spoke English, understanding only Arabic. Through the interpreter who accompanied us Colonel Roosevelt expressed to the Sheik or Rector of the University his gratitude for the service which the ancient Moslems at the University of Cordova, in Spain, rendered to European civilization a thousand years ago, and expressed the hope that this Moslem University in Cairo would, in its future work, be also an influence throughout the Moslem world in behalf of human progress. He told the librarian of the great library of the University that some years ago he had read the travels of Ibn Batutu, a Moslem explorer, who in about the year 1200 visited and described every Mohammedan country which at that time was included in the great empire of mid-Oriental civilization. He recalled specific incidents and dates of Ibn Batutu's career, and asked if they had a copy of his travels in the library. The University officials immediately scur-

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ried off and came back with a copy printed in Arabic and published about fifty years ago. At Colonel Roosevelt's request the interpreter translated a passage here and there to him. The Rector of the University and his associates, it is needless to say, were delighted with the familiarity displayed by Colonel Roosevelt with Mohammedan civilization, and I venture to say that if he were to stand for political office in their ward, he would get their votes to a man!

In innumerable different ways the most hospitable and generous expressions of cordial friendship and sincere respect were showered upon Mr. Roosevelt by everybody, from the Khedive down to the humblest cab-driver. When he was not occupied with lunches and dinners and sightseeing and festivities arranged in his honor, with receiving deputations or individual callers, and with making speeches, he had to give his time to the letters and telegrams which he received literally by hundreds from not only Egypt but from America and Europe. He has asked me to say through The Outlook that it has been physically impossible for him to answer all the invitations and letters that have been sent to him, even with the aid of a stenographic secretary whom it was finally necessary to summon from New York by cable. Of course it has been a strenuous life from early morning until late at night; but in his defense it must be said that the strenuosity was not of his own seeking. As an American lady expressed it to me very aptly the other day, Mr. Roosevelt is like a bit of yeast; his mere presence throws all those about him into a ferment of thought, enthusiasm, and action. I know that he sometimes wishes he could escape to his tent in the wilds of Africa to get a few hours' respite from the most kindly meant but often fatiguing personal manifestations of friendship on the part of unknown correspondents and visitors who wish to shake his hand. Perhaps he will think that this letter, too, belongs in the category of undesirable invasions of his privacy. But to write it in this somewhat intimate form has seemed to be the only way to give an impression of the tribute that is being paid to him on this side of the Atlantic—a tribute which comes to him not merely because he is regarded as the representative of the people of the United States, nor because he is a great politician and statesman, nor yet because of his engaging personality; it comes chiefly because of the recognition by all classes and conditions of men of his practical and successful moral leadership in modern national life.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

Rome, April 7, 1910.

WHITE FLAME

BY FRANCES HOLDEN SEAVER

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass."—*Goethe*

He who ne'er brake his bread with blinding tears,
Nor, crushed upon his pillow in the night,
Wrung out his soul and fought his bitter fight,
He knows not truly joy that conquereth fears;
A joy that timidly through darkness peers,
And, mounting from the depth of some sore plight,
Half trembles, like a little child affright,
Scarce comprehending help, when comfort nears.
Such gift is his alone whose head was bowed
And then uplifted from the sodden clay;
With arms outstretched and heart that cries aloud
In new-born hope, where dumb despair held sway,
He sees the passing of the somber cloud,
Beholds once more the radiance of day.

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CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SORBONNE, PARIS, APRIL 23, 1910

STRANGE and impressive associations rise in the mind of a man from the New World who speaks before this august body in this ancient institution of learning. Before his eyes pass the shadows of mighty kings and warlike nobles, of great masters of law and theology; through the shining dust of the dead centuries he sees crowded figures that tell of the power and learning and splendor of times gone by; and he sees also the innumerable host of humble students to whom clerkship meant emancipation, to whom it was well-nigh the only outlet from the dark thraldom of the Middle Ages.

This was the most famous university of mediæval Europe at a time when no one dreamed that there was a New World to discover. Its services to the cause of human knowledge already stretched far back into the remote past at the time when my forefathers, three centuries ago, were among the sparse bands of traders, plowmen, woodchoppers, and fisherfolk who, in hard struggle with the iron unfriendliness of the Indian-haunted land, were laying the foundations of what has now become the giant republic of the West. To conquer a continent, to tame the shaggy roughness of wild nature, means grim warfare; and the generations engaged in it cannot keep, still less add to, the stores of garnered wisdom which once were theirs, and which are still in the hands of their brethren who dwell in the old land. To conquer the wilderness means to wrest victory from the same hostile forces with which mankind struggled in the immemorial infancy of our race. The primeval conditions must be met by primeval qualities which are incompatible with the retention of much that has been painfully acquired by humanity as through the ages it has striven upward toward civilization. In conditions so primitive there can be but a primitive culture. At first only the rudest schools can be established, for no others would meet the needs of the hard-driven, sinewy folk who thrust forward the frontier in the teeth of savage man and savage nature; and many years elapse before any of these schools can develop into seats of higher learning and broader culture.

The pioneer days pass; the stump-dotted clearings expand into vast stretches of fertile farm land; the stockaded clusters of log cabins change into towns; the hunters of game, the fellers of trees, the rude frontier traders and tillers of the soil, the men who wander all their lives long through the wilderness as the heralds and harbingers of an oncoming civilization, themselves vanish before the civilization for which they have prepared the way. The children of their successors and supplanters, and then their children and children's children, change and develop with extraordinary rapidity. The conditions accentuate vices and virtues, energy and ruthlessness, all the good qualities and all the defects of an intense individualism, self-reliant, self-centered, far more conscious of its rights than of its duties, and blind to its own shortcomings. To the hard materialism of the frontier days succeeds the hard materialism of an industrialism even more intense and absorbing than that of the older nations; although these themselves have likewise already entered on the age of a complex and predominantly industrial civilization.

As the country grows, its people, who have won success in so many lines, turn back to try to recover the possessions of the mind and the spirit, which perforce their fathers threw aside in order better to wage the first rough battles for the continent their children inherit. The leaders of thought and of action grope their way forward to a new life, realizing, sometimes dimly, sometimes clear-sightedly, that the life of material gain, whether for a nation or an individual, is of value only as a foundation, only as there is added to it the uplift that comes from devotion to loftier ideals. The new life thus sought can in part be developed afresh from

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what is round about in the New World; but it can be developed in full only by freely drawing upon the treasure-houses of the Old World, upon the treasures stored in the ancient abodes of wisdom and learning, such as this where I speak to-day. It is a mistake for any nation merely to copy another; but it is an even greater mistake, it is a proof of weakness in any nation, not to be anxious to learn from another, and willing and able to adapt that learning to the new national conditions and make it fruitful and productive therein. It is for us of the New World to sit at the feet of the Gamaliel of the Old; then, if we have the right stuff in us, we can show that Paul in his turn can become a teacher as well as a scholar.

To-day I shall speak to you on the subject of individual citizenship, the one subject of vital importance to you, my hearers, and to me and my countrymen, because you and we are citizens of great democratic republics. A democratic republic such as each of ours—an effort to realize in its full sense government by, of, and for the people—represents the most gigantic of all possible social experiments, the one fraught with greatest possibilities alike for good and for evil. The success of republics like yours and like ours means the glory, and our failure the despair, of mankind; and for you and for us the question of the quality of the individual citizen is supreme. Under other forms of government, under the rule of one man or of a very few men, the quality of the rulers is all-important. If, under such governments, the quality of the rulers is high enough, then the nation may for generations lead a brilliant career, and add substantially to the sum of world achievement, no matter how low the quality of the average citizen; because the average citizen is an almost negligible quantity in working out the final results of that type of national greatness.

But with you and with us the case is different. With you here, and with us in my own home, in the long run, success or failure will be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty, first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues. The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average cannot be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

It is well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, are, as a matter of course, drawn from the classes represented in this audience to-day; but only provided that those classes possess the gifts of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. You and those like you have received special advantages; you have all of you had the opportunity for mental training; many of you have had leisure; most of you have had a chance for the enjoyment of life far greater than comes to the majority of your fellows. To you and your kind much has been given, and from you much should be expected. Yet there are certain failings against which it is especially incumbent that both men of trained and cultivated intellect, and men of inherited wealth and position, should especially guard themselves, because to these failings they are especially liable; and if yielded to, their—your—chances of useful service are at an end.

Let the man of learning, the man of lettered leisure, beware of that queer and cheap temptation to pose to himself and to others as the cynic, as the man who has outgrown emotions and beliefs, the man to whom good and evil are as one. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer. There are many men who feel a kind of twisted pride in cynicism; there are many who confine themselves to criticism of the way others do what they themselves dare not even attempt. There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds, or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering disbelief towards all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fails, comes second to achievement. A cynical habit of thought and speech, a

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readiness to criticise work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which will not accept contact with life's realities—all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness. They mark the men unfit to bear their part manfully in the stern strife of living, who seek, in the affectation of contempt for the achievements of others, to hide from others and from themselves their own weakness. The rôle is easy; there is none easier, save only the rôle of the man who sneers alike at both criticism and performance.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat. Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world. Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action, if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are. The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, or fop, or voluptuary. There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm, of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men if they succeed; well also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured, and have put forth all their heart and strength. It is war-worn Hotspur, spent with hard fighting, he of the many errors and the valiant end, over whose memory we love to linger, not over the memory of the young lord who "but for the vile guns would have been a soldier."

France has taught many lessons to other nations; surely one of the most important is the lesson her whole history teaches, that a high artistic and literary development is compatible with notable leadership in arms and statecraft. The brilliant gallantry of the French soldier has for many centuries been proverbial; and during these same centuries at every court in Europe the "freemasons of fashion" have treated the French tongue as their common speech; while every artist and man of letters, and every man of science able to appreciate that marvelous instrument of precision, French prose, has turned towards France for aid and inspiration. How long the leadership in arms and letters has lasted is curiously illustrated by the fact that the earliest masterpiece in a modern tongue is the splendid French epic which tells of Roland's doom and the vengeance of Charlemagne when the lords of the Frankish host were stricken at Roncesvalles.

Let those who have, keep, let those who have not, strive to attain, a high standard of cultivation and scholarship. Yet let us remember that these stand second to certain other things. There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor. I believe in exercise for the body, always provided that we keep in mind that physical development is a means and not an end. I believe, of course, in giving to all the people a good education. But the education must contain much besides book-learning in order to be really good. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the

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lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are the qualities which mark a masterful people. Without them no people can control itself, or save itself from being controlled from the outside. I speak to a brilliant assemblage; I speak in a great university which represents the flower of the highest intellectual development; I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues.

Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. The need that the average man shall work is so obvious as hardly to warrant insistence. There are a few people in every country so born that they can lead lives of leisure. These fill a useful function if they make it evident that leisure does not mean idleness; for some of the most valuable work needed by civilization is essentially non-remunerative in its character, and of course the people who do this work should in large part be drawn from those to whom remuneration is an object of indifference. But the average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

In the next place, the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to fight, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier, if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. They are right only if they lay all their emphasis upon the unrighteousness. War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the alternative be peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong and virile people must be, "Yes," whatever the cost. Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, just as every honorable effort should always be made by the individual in private life to keep out of a brawl, to keep out of trouble; but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong.

Finally, even more important than ability to work, even more important than ability to fight at need, is it to remember that the chief of blessings for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of blessings in Biblical times; and it is the crown of blessings now. The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be that visited upon willful sterility. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and the woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease. If this is not so, if through no fault of the society there is failure to increase, it is a great misfortune. If the failure is due to deliberate and willful fault, then it is not merely a misfortune, it is one of those crimes of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from pain and effort and risk, which in the long run Nature punishes more heavily than any other. If we of the great republics, if we, the free people who claim to have emancipated ourselves from the thraldom of wrong and error, bring down on our heads the curse that comes upon the willfully barren, then it will be an idle waste of breath to prattle of our achievements, to boast of all that we have done. No refinement of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress, no sordid heaping up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature, can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues, the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

Character must show itself in the man's performance both of the duty he owes

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himself and of the duty he owes the State. The man's foremost duty is owed to himself and his family; and he can do this duty only by earning money, by providing what is essential to material well-being; it is only after this has been done that he can hope to build a higher superstructure on the solid material foundation; it is only after this has been done that he can help in movements for the general well-being. He must pull his own weight first, and only after this can his surplus strength be of use to the general public. It is not good to excite that bitter laughter which expresses contempt; and contempt is what we feel for the being whose enthusiasm to benefit mankind is such that he is a burden to those nearest him; who wishes to do great things for humanity in the abstract, but who cannot keep his wife in comfort or educate his children.

Nevertheless, while laying all stress on this point, while not merely acknowledging but insisting upon the fact that there must be a basis of material well-being for the individual as for the nation, let us with equal emphasis insist that this material well-being represents nothing but the foundation, and that the foundation, though indispensable, is worthless unless upon it is raised the superstructure of a higher life. That is why I decline to recognize the mere multi-millionaire, the man of mere wealth, as an asset of value to any country; and especially as not an asset to my own country. If he has earned or uses his wealth in a way that makes him of real benefit, of real use—and such is often the case—why, then he does become an asset of worth. But it is the way in which it has been earned or used, and not the mere fact of wealth, that entitles him to the credit. There is need in business, as in most other forms of human activity, of the great guiding intelligences. Their places cannot be supplied by any number of lesser intelligences. It is a good thing that they should have ample recognition, ample reward. But we must not transfer our admiration to the reward instead of to the deed rewarded; and if what should be the reward exists without the service having been rendered, then admiration will come only from those who are mean of soul. The truth is that, after a certain measure of tangible material success or reward has been achieved, the question of increasing it becomes of constantly less importance compared to other things that can be done in life. It is a bad thing for a nation to raise and to admire a false standard of success; and there can be no falser standard than that set by the deification of material well-being in and for itself. The man who, for any cause for which he is himself accountable, has failed to support himself and those for whom he is responsible, ought to feel that he has fallen lamentably short in his prime duty. But the man who, having far surpassed the limit of providing for the wants, both of body and mind, of himself and of those depending upon him, then piles up a great fortune, for the acquisition or retention of which he returns no corresponding benefit to the nation as a whole, should himself be made to feel that, so far from being a desirable, he is an unworthy, citizen of the community; that he is to be neither admired nor envied; that his right-thinking fellow-countrymen put him low in the scale of citizenship, and leave him to be consoled by the admiration of those whose level of purpose is even lower than his own.

In fact, it is essential to good citizenship clearly to understand that there are certain qualities which we in a democracy are prone to admire in and of themselves, which ought by rights to be judged admirable or the reverse solely from the standpoint of the use made of them. Foremost among these I should include two very distinct gifts—the gift of money-making and the gift of oratory. Money-making, the money touch, I have spoken of above. It is a quality which in a moderate degree is essential. It may be useful when developed to a very great degree, but only if accompanied and controlled by other qualities; and without such control the possessor tends to develop into one of the least attractive types produced by a modern industrial democracy. So it is with the orator. It is highly desirable that a leader of opinion in a democracy should be able to state his views clearly and convincingly. But all that the oratory can do of value to the community is to enable the man thus to explain himself; if it enables the orator to

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persuade his hearers to put false values on things, it merely makes him a power for mischief. Some excellent public servants have not the gift at all, and must rely upon their deeds to speak for them; and unless the oratory does represent genuine conviction, based on good common sense and able to be translated into efficient performance, then the better the oratory the greater the damage to the public it deceives. Indeed, it is a sign of marked political weakness in any commonwealth if the people tend to be carried away by mere oratory, if they tend to value words in and for themselves, as divorced from the deeds for which they are supposed to stand. The phrase-maker, the phrase-monger, the ready talker, however great his power, whose speech does not make for courage, sobriety, and right understanding, is simply a noxious element in the body politic, and it speaks ill for the public if he has influence over them. To admire the gift of oratory without regard to the moral quality behind the gift is to do wrong to the republic.

Of course all that I say of the orator applies with even greater force to the orator's latter-day and more influential brother, the journalist. The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power unless it is used aright. He can do, and he often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief. All journalists, all writers, for the very reason that they appreciate the vast possibilities of their profession, should bear testimony against those who deeply discredit it. Offenses against taste and morals, which are bad enough in a private citizen, are infinitely worse if made into instruments for debauching the community through a newspaper. Mendacity, slander, sensationalism, inanity, vapid triviality, all are potent factors for the debauchery of the public mind and conscience. The excuse advanced for vicious writing, that the public demands it and that the demand must be supplied, can no more be admitted than if it were advanced by the purveyors of food who sell poisonous adulterations.

In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good. He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robuster virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen.

But if a man's efficiency is not guided and regulated by a moral sense, then the more efficient he is the worse he is, the more dangerous to the body politic. Courage, intellect, all the masterful qualities, serve but to make a man more evil if they are used merely for that man's own advancement, with brutal indifference to the rights of others. It speaks ill for the community if the community worships these qualities and treats their possessors as heroes regardless of whether the qualities are used rightly or wrongly. It makes no difference as to the precise way in which this sinister efficiency is shown. It makes no difference whether such a man's force and ability betray themselves in the career of money-maker or politician, soldier or orator, journalist or popular leader. If the man works for evil, then the more successful he is the more he should be despised and condemned by all upright and far-seeing men. To judge a man merely by success is an abhorrent wrong; and if the people at large habitually so judge men, if they grow to condone wickedness because the wicked man triumphs, they show their inability to understand that in the last analysis free institutions rest upon the character of citizenship, and that by such admiration of evil they prove themselves unfit for liberty.

The homely virtues of the household, the ordinary workaday virtues which make the woman a good housewife and housemother, which make the man a hard

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worker, a good husband and father, a good soldier at need, stand at the bottom of character. But of course many others must be added thereto if a State is to be not only free but great. Good citizenship is not good citizenship if exhibited only in the home. There remain the duties of the individual in relation to the State, and these duties are none too easy under the conditions which exist where the effort is made to carry on free government in a complex, industrial civilization. Perhaps the most important thing the ordinary citizen, and, above all, the leader of ordinary citizens, has to remember in political life is that he must not be a sheer doctrinaire. The closet philosopher, the refined and cultured individual who from his library tells how men ought to be governed under ideal conditions, is of no use in actual governmental work; and the one-sided fanatic, and still more the mob leader, and the insincere man who to achieve power promises what by no possibility can be performed, are not merely useless but noxious.

The citizen must have high ideals, and yet he must be able to achieve them in practical fashion. No permanent good comes from aspirations so lofty that they have grown fantastic and have become impossible and indeed undesirable to realize. The impracticable visionary is far less often the guide and precursor than he is the embittered foe of the real reformer, of the man who, with stumblings and shortcomings, yet does in some shape, in practical fashion, give effect to the hopes and desires of those who strive for better things. Woe to the empty phrase-maker, to the empty idealist, who, instead of making ready the ground for the man of action, turns against him when he appears and hampers him as he does the work! Moreover, the preacher of ideals must remember how sorry and contemptible is the figure which he will cut, how great the damage that he will do, if he does not himself, in his own life, strive measurably to realize the ideals that he preaches for others. Let him remember also that the worth of the ideal must be largely determined by the success with which it can in practice be realized. We should abhor the so-called "practical" men whose practicality assumes the shape of that peculiar baseness which finds its expression in disbelief in morality and decency, in disregard of high standards of living and conduct. Such a creature is the worst enemy of the body politic. But only less desirable as a citizen is his nominal opponent and real ally, the man of fantastic vision who makes the impossible better forever the enemy of the possible good.

We can just as little afford to follow the doctrinaires of an extreme individualism as the doctrinaires of an extreme socialism. Individual initiative, so far from being discouraged, should be stimulated; and yet we should remember that, as society develops and grows more complex, we continually find that things which once it was desirable to leave to individual initiative can, under the changed conditions, be performed with better results by common effort. It is quite impossible, and equally undesirable, to draw in theory a hard and fast line which shall always divide the two sets of cases. This every one who is not cursed with the pride of the closet philosopher will see, if he will only take the trouble to think about some of our commonest phenomena. For instance, when people live on isolated farms or in little hamlets, each house can be left to attend to its own drainage and water supply; but the mere multiplication of families in a given area produces new problems which, because they differ in size, are found to differ not only in degree but in kind from the old; and the questions of drainage and water supply have to be considered from the common standpoint. It is not a matter for abstract dogmatizing to decide when this point is reached; it is a matter to be tested by practical experiment. Much of the discussion about socialism and individualism is entirely pointless, because of failure to agree on terminology. It is not good to be the slave of names. I am a strong individualist by personal habit, inheritance, and conviction; but it is a mere matter of common sense to recognize that the State, the community, the citizens acting together, can do a number of things better than if they were left to individual action. The individualism which finds its expression in the abuse of physical force is checked very early in the growth of civilization, and we

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of to-day should in our turn strive to shackle or destroy that individualism which triumphs by greed and cunning, which exploits the weak by craft instead of ruling them by brutality. We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity, to turn the tool user more and more into the tool owner, to shift burdens so that they can be more equitably borne. The deadening effect on any race of the adoption of a logical and extreme socialistic system could not be overstated; it would spell sheer destruction; it would produce grosser wrong and outrage, fouler immorality, than any existing system. But this does not mean that we may not with great advantage adopt certain of the principles professed by some given set of men who happen to call themselves Socialists; to be afraid to do so would be to make a mark of weakness on our part.

But we should not take part in acting a lie any more than in telling a lie. We should not say that men are equal where they are not equal, nor proceed upon the assumption that there is an equality where it does not exist; but we should strive to bring about a measurable equality, at least to the extent of preventing the inequality which is due to force or fraud. Abraham Lincoln, a man of the plain people, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, who all his life toiled and wrought and suffered for them, and at the end died for them, who always strove to represent them, who would never tell an untruth to or for them, spoke of the doctrine of equality with his usual mixture of idealism and sound common sense. He said (I omit what was of merely local significance): "I think the authors of the Declaration of Independence intended to include all men, but that they did not mean to declare all men equal *in all respects*. They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what they did consider all men created equal—equal in certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, or yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society which should be familiar to all—constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and, even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, everywhere."

We are bound in honor to refuse to listen to those men who would make us desist from the effort to do away with the inequality which means injustice; the inequality of right, of opportunity, of privilege. We are bound in honor to strive to bring ever nearer the day when, as far as is humanly possible, we shall be able to realize the ideal that each man shall have an equal opportunity to show the stuff that is in him by the way in which he renders service. There should, so far as possible, be equality of opportunity to render service; but just so long as there is inequality of service there should and must be inequality of reward. We may be sorry for the general, the painter, the artist, the worker in any profession or of any kind, whose misfortune rather than whose fault it is that he does his work ill. But the reward must go to the man who does his work well; for any other course is to create a new kind of privilege, the privilege of folly and weakness; and special privilege is injustice, whatever form it takes.

To say that the thriftless, the lazy, the vicious, the incapable, ought to have the reward given to those who are far-sighted, capable, and upright, is to say what is not true and cannot be true. Let us try to level up, but let us beware of the evil of leveling down. If a man stumbles, it is a good thing to help him to his feet. Every one of us needs a helping hand now and then. But if a man lies down, it is a waste of time to try to carry him; and it is a very bad thing for every one if we make men feel that the same reward will come to those who shirk their work and to those who do it.

Let us, then, take into account the actual facts of life, and not be misled into following any proposal for achieving the millennium, for recreating the golden age, until we have subjected it to hard-headed exam-

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ination. On the other hand, it is foolish to reject a proposal merely because it is advanced by visionaries. If a given scheme is proposed, look at it on its merits, and, in considering it, disregard formulas. It does not matter in the least who proposes it, or why. If it seems good, try it. If it proves good, accept it; otherwise reject it. There are plenty of men calling themselves Socialists with whom, up to a certain point, it is quite possible to work. If the next step is one which both we and they wish to take, why of course take it, without any regard to the fact that our views as to the tenth step may differ. But, on the other hand, keep clearly in mind that, though it has been worth while to take one step, this does not in the least mean that it may not be highly disadvantageous to take the next. It is just as foolish to refuse all progress because people demanding it desire at some points to go to absurd extremes, as it would be to go to these absurd extremes simply because some of the measures advocated by the extremists were wise.

The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and as a matter of pride he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in that country. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor. Persecution is bad because it is persecution, and without reference to which side happens at the moment to be the persecutor and which the persecuted. Class hatred is bad in just the same way, and without any regard to the individual who, at a given time, substitutes loyalty to a class for loyalty to the nation, or substitutes hatred of men because they happen to come in a certain social category, for judgment awarded them according to their conduct. Remember always that the same measure of condemnation should be extended to the arrogance which would look down upon or crush any man because he is poor, and to the envy and hatred which would destroy a man because he is wealthy. The overbearing brutality of the man of wealth or power, and the envious and hateful malice directed against wealth or power, are really at root merely different manifestations of the same quality, merely the two sides of the same shield. The man who, if born to wealth and power, exploits and ruins his less fortunate brethren, is at heart the same as the greedy and violent demagogue who excites those who have not property to plunder those who have. The gravest wrong upon his country is inflicted by that man, whatever his station, who seeks to make his countrymen divide primarily on the line that separates class from class, occupation from occupation, men of more wealth from men of less wealth, instead of remembering that the only safe standard is that which judges each man on his worth as a man, whether he be rich or poor, without regard to his profession or to his station in life. Such is the only true democratic test, the only test that can with propriety be applied in a republic. There have been many republics in the past, both in what we call antiquity and in what we call the Middle Ages. They fell, and the prime factor in their fall was the fact that the parties tended to divide along the line that separates wealth from poverty. It made no difference which side was successful; it made no difference whether the republic fell under the rule of an oligarchy or the rule of a mob. In either case, when once loyalty to a class had been substituted for loyalty to the republic, the end of the republic was at hand. There is no greater need to-day than the need to keep ever in mind the fact that the cleavage between right and wrong, between good citizenship and bad citizenship, runs at right angles to, and not parallel with, the lines of cleavage between class and class, between occupation and occupation. Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position instead of judging him by his conduct in that position.

In a republic, to be successful we must learn to combine intensity of conviction with a broad tolerance of difference of conviction. Wide differences of opinion in matters of religious, political, and social belief must exist if conscience and intellect alike are not to be stunted, if there is to be room for healthy growth. Bitter internecine hatreds, based on such differ-

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ences, are signs, not of earnestness of belief, but of that fanaticism which, whether religious or anti-religious, democratic or anti-democratic, is itself but a manifestation of the gloomy bigotry which has been the chief factor in the downfall of so many, many nations.

Of one man in especial, beyond any one else, the citizens of a republic should beware, and that is of the man who appeals to them to support him on the ground that he is hostile to other citizens of the republic, that he will secure for those who elect him, in one shape or another, profit at the expense of other citizens of the republic. It makes no difference whether he appeals to class hatred or class interest, to religious or anti-religious prejudice. The man who makes such an appeal should always be presumed to make it for the sake of furthering his own interest. The very last thing that an intelligent and self-respecting member of a democratic community should do is to reward any public man because that public man says he will get the private citizen something to which this private citizen is not entitled, or will gratify some emotion or animosity which this private citizen ought not to possess. Let me illustrate this by one anecdote from my own experience. A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle-ranching on the great plains of the western United States. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand; the calves were branded with the brand of the cows they followed. If on the round-up an animal was passed by, the following year it would appear as an unbranded yearling, and was then called a maverick. By the custom of the country these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. One day I was riding the range with a newly hired cowboy, and we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it; then we built a little fire, took out a cinch-ring, heated it at the fire; and the cowboy started to put on the brand. I said to him, "It is So-and-so's brand," naming the man on whose range we happened to be. He answered, "That's all right, boss; I know my business." In another moment I said to him, "Hold on, you are putting on my brand!" To which he answered, "That's all right; I always put on the boss's brand." I answered, "Oh, very well. Now you go straight back to the ranch and get what is owing to you; I don't need you any longer." He jumped up and said, "Why, what's the matter? I was putting on your brand." And I answered, "Yes, my friend, and if you will steal *for* me you will steal *from* me."

Now, the same principle which applies in private life applies also in public life. If a public man tries to get your vote by saying that he will do something wrong *in* your interest, you can be absolutely certain that if ever it becomes worth his while he will do something wrong *against* your interest.

So much for the citizenship of the individual in his relations to his family, to his neighbor, to the State. There remain duties of citizenship which the State, the aggregation of all the individuals, owes in connection with other states, with other nations. Let me say at once that I am no advocate of a foolish cosmopolitanism. I believe that a man must be a good patriot before he can be, and as the only possible way of being, a good citizen of the world. Experience teaches us that the average man who protests that his international feeling swamps his national feeling, that he does not care for his country because he cares so much for mankind, in actual practice proves himself the foe of mankind; that the man who says that he does not care to be a citizen of any one country, because he is a citizen of the world, is in very fact usually an exceedingly undesirable citizen of whatever corner of the world he happens at the moment to be in. In the dim future all moral needs and moral standards may change; but at present, if a man can view his own country and all other countries from the same level with tepid indifference, it is wise to distrust him, just as it is wise to distrust the man who can take the same dispassionate view of his wife and his mother. However broad and deep a man's sympathies, however intense his activities, he need have no fear that they will be cramped by love of his native land.

Now, this does not mean in the least that a man should not wish to do good outside of his native land. On the contrary, just as I think that the man who loves

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his family is more apt to be a good neighbor than the man who does not, so I think that the most useful member of the family of nations is normally a strongly patriotic nation. So far from patriotism being inconsistent with a proper regard for the rights of other nations, I hold that the true patriot, who is as jealous of the national honor as a gentleman is of his own honor, will be careful to see that the nation neither inflicts nor suffers wrong, just as a gentleman scorns equally to wrong others or to suffer others to wrong him. I do not for one moment admit that political morality is different from private morality, that a promise made on the stump differs from a promise made in private life. I do not for one moment admit that a man should act deceitfully as a public servant in his dealings with other nations, any more than that he should act deceitfully in his dealings as a private citizen with other private citizens. I do not for one moment admit that a nation should treat other nations in a different spirit from that in which an honorable man would treat other men.

In practically applying this principle to the two sets of cases there is, of course, a great practical difference to be taken into account. We speak of international law; but international law is something wholly different from private or municipal law, and the capital difference is that there is a sanction for the one and no sanction for the other; that there is an outside force which compels individuals to obey the one, while there is no such outside force to compel obedience as regards the other. International law will, I believe, as the generations pass, grow stronger and stronger until in some way or other there develops the power to make it respected. But as yet it is only in the first formative period. As yet, as a rule, each nation is of necessity obliged to judge for itself in matters of vital importance between it and its neighbors, and actions must of necessity, where this is the case, be different from what they are where, as among private citizens, there is an outside force whose action is all-powerful and must be invoked in any crisis of importance. It is the duty of wise statesmen, gifted with the power of looking ahead, to try to encourage and build up every movement which will substitute or tend to substitute some other agency for force in the settlement of international disputes. It is the duty of every honest statesman to try to guide the nation so that it shall not wrong any other nation. But as yet the great civilized peoples, if they are to be true to themselves and to the cause of humanity and civilization, must keep ever in mind that in the last resort they must possess both the will and the power to resent wrong-doing from others. The men who sanely believe in a lofty morality preach righteousness; but they do not preach weakness, whether among private citizens or among nations. We believe that our ideals should be high, but not so high as to make it impossible measurably to realize them. We sincerely and earnestly believe in peace; but if peace and justice conflict, we scorn the man who would not stand for justice though the whole world came in arms against him.

And now, my hosts, a word in parting. You and I belong to the only two Republics among the great powers of the world. The ancient friendship between France and the United States has been, on the whole, a sincere and disinterested friendship. A calamity to you would be a sorrow to us. But it would be more than that. In the seething turmoil of the history of humanity certain nations stand out as possessing a peculiar power or charm, some special gift of beauty or wisdom or strength, which puts them among the immortals, which makes them rank forever with the leaders of mankind. France is one of these nations. For her to sink would be a loss to all the world. There are certain lessons of brilliance and of generous gallantry that she can teach better than any of her sister nations. When the French peasantry sang of Malbrook, it was to tell how the soul of this warrior-foe took flight upward through the laurels he had won. Nearly seven centuries ago, Froissart, writing of a time of dire disaster, said that the realm of France was never so stricken that there were not left men who would valiantly fight for it. You have had a great past. I believe that you will have a great future. Long may you carry yourselves proudly as citizens of a nation which bears a leading part in the teaching and uplifting of mankind.

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THE NATURE WRITER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

DWELLING inland, far from those of us who go down to the sea in manuscripts, may be found the reader, no doubt, to whom the title of this essay is not anathema, to whom the word nature still means the real outdoors, as the word culture may still mean things other than "sweetness and light." It is different with us. We shy at the *word* nature. Good, honest term, it has suffered a sea-change with us; it has become literary. Piety suffers the same change when it becomes professional. There has grown up about nature as a literary term a vocabulary of cant—nature lover, nature writer, nature— Throw the stone for me, you who are clean! Inseparably now these three travel together, arm in arm, like Tom, Dick, and Harry—the world, the flesh, and the devil. Name one, and the other two appear, which is sad enough for the nature writer, because a word is known by the company it keeps.

The nature writer deserves, maybe, his dubious reputation; he is more or less of a fraud, perhaps. And perhaps everybody else is, more or less. I am sure of it as regards preachers and plumbers and politicians and men who work by the day. Yet I have known a few honest men of each of these several sorts, although I can't recall just now the honest plumber. I have known honest nature writers, too; there are a number of them, simple, single-minded, and purposefully poor. I have no mind, however, thus to pronounce upon them, dividing the sheep from the goats, lest haply I count myself in with the wrong fold. My desire, rather, is to see that nature writing pure and undefiled may be, and the nature writer what manner of writer he ought to be.

For it is plain that he has now evolved into a distinct, although undescribed, literary species. His origins are not far to seek, the course of his development not hard to trace, but very unsatisfactory is the attempt, as yet, to classify him. We all know a nature book at sight, no matter how we may doubt the nature in it; we all know that the writer of such a book must be a nature writer; yet this is not describing him scientifically, by any means.

Until recent years the nature writer had been hardly more than a variant of some long-established species—of the philosopher in Aristotle; of the moralizer in Theobaldus; of the scholar and biographer in Walton; of the traveler in Josselyn; of the poet in Burns. But that was in the feudal past. Since then the land of letters has been redistributed; the literary field, like every other field, has been cut into intensified and highly specialized patches—the short story for you, the muck-rake essay for me, or magazine verse, or wild animal biography. The paragraph of outdoor description in Scott becomes the modern nature sketch, the "Lines to a Limping Hare" in Burns run into a wild animal romance of about the length of "The Last of the Mohicans;" the occasional letter of Gilbert White's grows into an annual nature volume, this year's being entitled "Buzz-Buzz and Old Man Barberry; or, The Thrilling Young Ladyhood of a Better-Class Bluebottle Fly." The story that follows is how she never would have escaped the net of Old Man Barberry had she been a butterfly—a story which only the modern nature-writing specialist would be capable of handling. Nature writing and the automobile business have developed vastly during the last few years.

It is Charles Kingsley, I think, who defines "a thoroughly good naturalist" as one "who knows his own parish thoroughly," a definition, all questions of style aside, that accurately describes the nature writer. He has field enough for his pen in a parish; he can hardly know more and know it intimately enough to write about it. For the nature writer, while he may be more or less of a scientist, is never mere scientist—zoölogist or botanist. Animals are not his theme; flowers are not his theme. Nothing less than the universe is his theme, as it pivots on him, around the distant boundaries of his immediate neighborhood.

His is an emotional, not an intellectual,

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point of view; a literary, not a scientific, approach. Which means that he is the axis of his world, its great circumference, rather than any fact—any flower, or star, or tortoise. Now to the scientist the tortoise is the thing: the particular species *Thalassochelys kempi:* of the family Testudinidæ; of the order Chelonia; of the class Reptilia; of the branch Vertebrata. But the nature writer never pauses over this matter to capitalize it. His tortoise may or may not come tagged with this string of distinguishing titles. A tortoise is a tortoise for a' that, particularly if it should happen to be an old Sussex tortoise which had been kept for thirty years in a yard by the nature writer's friend, and which "On the 1st November began to dig the ground in order to the forming of its hybernaculum, which it had fixed on just beside a great tuft of hepaticas.

"P. S.—In about three days after I left Sussex, the tortoise retired into the ground under the hepatica."

This is a bit of nature writing by Gilbert White, of Selborne, which sounds quite a little like science, but which you noticed was really spoiled as science by its "tuft of hepaticas." There is no buttonhole in science for the nosegay. And when, since the Vertebrates began, did a scientific tortoise ever *retire?*

One more quotation, I think, will make clear my point, namely, that the nature writer is not detached from himself and alone with his fact, like the scientist, but is forever relating his tortoise to himself. The lines just quoted were from a letter dated April 12, 1772. Eight years afterwards, in another letter, dated Selborne, April 21, 1780, and addressed to "the Hon. Daines Barrington," the good rector writes:

"Dear Sir—The old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing, and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out on the border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden."

Not once, not three times, but *twice* down to the bottom of the garden. We do not question it for a moment; we simply think of the excellent thesis material wasted here in making a mere popular page of nature writing. Gilbert White never got his Ph.D., if I remember, because, I suppose, he stopped counting after the tortoise made its second trip, and because he kept the creature among the hepaticas of the garden, instead of on a shelf in a bottle of alcohol. Still, let us admit, and let the college professors, who do research work upon everything except their students, admit, that walking twice to the bottom of a garden is not a very important discovery. But how profoundly interesting it was to Gilbert White! And how like a passage from the Pentateuch his record of it! Ten years he woos this tortoise, and wins it—with a serene and solemn joy. He digs it out of its winter dormitory (a hole in the ground), packs it carefully in a box, carries it hurriedly, anxiously, by post-chaises for eighty miles, rousing it perfectly by the end of the journey, when, liberating it in the rectory yard, he stands back to see what it will do; and, lo! *it walks twice to the bottom of the garden!*

By a thoroughly good naturalist Kingsley may have meant a thoroughly good nature writer, for I think he had in mind Gilbert White, who certainly was a thoroughly good naturalist, and who certainly knew his own parish thoroughly. In the letters from which I have quoted the gentle rector was writing the natural history of Selborne, his parish. But how could he write the natural history of Selborne when his tortoise was away over in Sussex!

> A tortoise down by Sussex's brim
> A Sussex tortoise was to him,
> And it was nothing more—

nothing at all for the "Natural History of Selborne" until he had gone after it and brought it home.

Thus all nature writers do with all their nature in some manner or other, not necessarily by post-chaise for eighty miles. It is characteristic of the nature writer, however, to bring home his outdoors, to domesticate his nature, to relate it all to himself. His is a dooryard universe, his earth a flat little planet turning about a hop-pole in his garden—a planet mapped by fields, ponds, and cow-paths, and set in

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a circumfluent sea of neighbor townships, beyond whose shores he neither goes to church, nor works out his taxes on the road, nor votes appropriations for the schools.

He is limited to his parish because he writes about only so much of the world as he lives in, as touches him, as makes for him his home. He may wander away, like Thoreau, to the Maine woods, or down along the far-off shores of Cape Cod; but his best writing will be that about his hut at Walden.

It is a large love for the earth as a dwelling-place, a large faith in the entire reasonableness of its economy, a large joy in all its manifold life, that moves the nature writer. He finds the earth most marvelously good to live in—himself its very dust; a place beautiful beyond his imagination, and interesting past his power to realize—a mystery every way he turns. He comes into it as a settler into a new land, to clear up so much of the wilderness as he shall need for a home.

Thoreau perhaps, of all our nature writers, was the wildest wild man, the least domestic in his attitude. He went off far into the woods, a mile and a half from Concord village, to escape domestication, to seek the wild in nature and to free the wild in himself. And what was his idea of becoming a wild man but to build a cabin and clear up a piece of ground for a bean patch! He was solid Concord beneath his war-paint—a thin coat of savagery smeared on to scare his friends whenever he went to the village—a walk which he took very often. He differed from Gilbert White as his cabin at Walden differed from the quaint old cottage at Selborne. But cabin and cottage alike were to dwell in; and the bachelor of the one was as much in need of a wife, and as much in love with the earth, as the bachelor in the other. Thoreau's "Walden" is as parochial and as domestic with its woodchuck and beans as White's "Natural History of Selborne" with its tame tortoise and garden.

In none of our nature writers, however, is this love for the earth more manifest than in John Burroughs. It is constant and dominant in him, an expression of his religion. He can see the earth only as the best possible place to live in—to live *with* rather than in or on; for he is unlike the rector of Selborne and the wild tame man of Walden in that he is married and a farmer—conditions, these, to deepen one's domesticity. Showing somewhere along every open field in Burroughs's books is a piece of fence, and among his trees there is always a patch of gray sloping roof. He grew up on a farm (a most excellent place to grow up on, one college president to the contrary notwithstanding), became a clerk, but not for long, then got him a piece of land, built him a home out of unhewn stone, and set him out an eighteen-acre vineyard. And ever since he has lived in his vineyard, with the Hudson River flowing along one side of it, the Catskills standing along another side of it, with the horizon all around, and overhead the sky, and everywhere, through everything, the pulse of life, the song of life, the sense of home!

He loves the earth, for the earth is home.

"I would gladly chant a pæan," he exclaims, "for the world as I find it. What a mighty interesting place to live in! If I had my life to live over again, and had my choice of celestial abodes, I am sure I should take this planet, and I should choose these men and women for my friends and companions. This great rolling sphere with its sky, its stars, its sunrises and sunsets, and with its outlook into infinity—what could be more desirable? What more satisfying? Garlanded by the seasons, embosomed in sidereal influences, thrilling with life, with a heart of fire and a garment of azure seas and fruitful continents—one might ransack the heavens in vain for a better or a more picturesque abode."

A full-throated hymn, this, to the life that is, in the earth that is, a hymn without taint of cant, without a single note of that fevered desire for a land that is fairer than this, whose gates are of pearl and whose streets are paved with gold. If there is another land, may it be as fair as this! And a pair of bars will be gate enough, and gravel, cinders, grass, even March mud, will do for paving; for all that one will need there, as all that one needs here—here in New England in March—is to have "arctics" on one's feet and an equator about one's heart. The desire for heaven is natural enough, for how

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could one help wanting more after getting through with this? But he sins and comes short of the glory of God who would be quit of this world for the sake of a better one. There isn't any better one. This one is divine. And as for those dreams of heaven in old books and monkish hymns, they cannot compare for glory and for downright domestic possibilities with the prospect of these snow-clad Hingham hills from my window this brilliant winter morning.

That "this world is not my resting-place" almost any family man can believe nowadays, but that "this world is not my home" I can't believe at all. However poor a resting-place we make of it, however certain of going hence upon a "longe journey," we may not find this earth anything else than home without confessing ourselves tenants here by preference, and liable, therefore, to pay rent throughout eternity. The best possible use for this earth is to make a home of it, and for this span of life to live it like a human, earth-born being.

Such is the *credo* of the nature writer; for not until it can be proved to him that eternal day is more to his liking than the sweet alternation of day and night, that unending rest is less monotonous than his round of labor until the evening, that streets of gold are softer for his feet than dirt roads with borders of grass and dandelions, that ceaseless hallelujahs about a throne exalt the excellency of God more than the quiet contemplation of the work of His fingers—the moon and the stars which He has ordained—not until, I say, it can be proved to him that God did not make this world, or, making it, spurned it, cursed it, that heaven might seem the more blessed—not until then will he forego his bean-patch at Walden, his vineyard at West Park, his garden at Selborne; will he deny to his body a house-lot on this little planet, and the range of this timed and tidy universe to his soul.

As between himself and nature, then, the thoroughly good nature writer is a lover—a purely personal state; lyric, emotional, rather than scientific, wherein the writer is not so much concerned with the facts of nature as with his view of them, his feelings for them, as they environ and interpret him, or as he centers and interprets them.

Were this all, it would be a simple story of love. Unfortunately, nature writing has become an art, which means some one looking on, and hence it means self-consciousness and adaptation, the writer forced to play the difficult part of loving his theme not less, but loving his reader more.

For the reader, then, his test of the nature writer will be the extreme test of sincerity. The nature writer (and the poet) more than many writers is limited by decree to his experiences—not to what he has seen or heard only, but as strictly to what he has truly felt. All writing must be sincere. Is it that nature writing and poetry must be spontaneously sincere? Sincerity is the first and greatest of the literary commandments. The second is like unto the first. Still there is considerable difference between the inherent marketableness of a cold thought and a warm, purely personal emotion. One has a right to sell one's ideas, to barter one's literary inventions; one has a right, a duty it may be, to invent inventions for sale; but one may not, without sure damnation, make "copy" of one's emotions. In other words, one may not invent emotions, nor observations either, for the literary trade. The sad case with much of our nature writing (and versifying and North-Poling) is that it has become professional, and so insincere, not answering to genuine observation nor to genuine emotion, but to the bid of the publisher.

You will know the sincere nature writer by his fidelity to fact. But, alas! suppose I do not know the fact? To be sure. And the nature writer thought of that, too, and penned his solemn, pious preface, wherein he declares that the following observations are exactly as he personally saw them; that they are true altogether; that he has the affidavits to prove it; and the Indians and the Eskimos to swear the affidavits prove it. Of course you are bound to believe after that; but you wish the preface did not make it so unnecessarily hard.

The sincere nature writer, because he knows he cannot prove it, and that you cannot prove it, and that the Copenhagen scientists cannot prove it, knows that he must not be asked for proofs, that he must be above suspicion, and so he sticks

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to the truth as the wife of Cæsar to her spouse.

Let the nature writer only chronicle his observations as Dr. C. C. Abbott does in "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," or let him dream a dream about his observations as Maeterlinck does in "The Life of the Bee," yet is he still confined to the truth as a hermit crab to his shell—a hard, inelastic, unchangeable, indestructible house that he cannot adapt, but must himself be adapted to or else abandon. Chronicle and romance alike we want true to fact. But this particular romance about the Bee will not thus qualify. It was not written for beekeepers, even amateur beekeepers, for they all know more or less about bees, and hence they would not understand the book. It was written for those, the city-faring folk, like my market-man, who asked me how many pounds of honey a bee would gather up in a year, and whether I kept more than one bee in a hive. A great many persons must have read "The Life of the Bee," but only one of them, so far as I know, had ever kept bees, and she had just a single swarm in between the wall of her living-room and the weather-boards outside. But she had listened to them through the wall, and she sent me her copy of "The Life," begging me to mark on the margins wherever the Bee of the book was unlike her bee in the wall. She had detected a difference in the buzz of the two bees.

Now the two bees ought to buzz alike—one buzz, distinct and always distinguishable from the buzz of the author. In the best nature writing the author is more than his matter, but he is never identical with it; and not until we know which is which, and that the matter is true, have we faith in the author.

I knew a big boy once who had almost reached the footprint in "Robinson Crusoe" (the tragedy of *almost* reaching it!) when some one blunderingly told him that the book was all a story, made up, not true at all; no such island; no such Crusoe! The boy shut up the book and put it forever from him. He wanted it true. He had thought it true, because it had been so real. Spoiled of its reality, he was unable to make it true again.

Most of us recover from this shock in regard to books, asking only that they seem real. But we are eternally childish, curious, credulous, in our thought of nature; she is so close and real to us, and yet so shadowy, hidden, mysterious, and remote! We are eager to listen to any tale, willing to believe anything, if only it be true. Nay, we are willing to believe it true—we *were*, I should say, until, like the boy with the book, we were rudely told that all this fine writing was made up, that we have no such kindred in the wilds, and no such wilds. Then we said in our haste, all men—who write nature books—are liars.

"How much of this is real?" asked a keen and anxious reader, eying me narrowly, as she pointed a steady finger at an essay of mine in the "Atlantic." "Have you, sir, a farm and four real boys of your own, or are they *faked?*"

"Good heavens, madam!" I exclaimed. "Has it come to this? My boys faked!"

But it shows how the thoughtful and the fearful regard the literary naturalist, and how paramount is the demand for honesty in the matter of mere fact, to say nothing of the greater matter of expression.

Only yesterday, in a review in the "Nation" of an animal-man book, I read: "The best thing in the volume is the description of a fight between a mink and a raccoon—or so it seems. Can this be because the reader does not know the difference between a mink and a raccoon, and does know the difference between a human being and the story-teller's mannikin?"

"This is the wandering wood, this Errour's den,"

is the feeling of the average reader—of even the "Nation's" book reviewer—nowadays, toward nature writing, a state of mind due to the recent revelations of a propensity in wild-animal literature to stand up rather than to go on all fours.

Whatever of the Urim and of the Thummim you put into your style, whatever of the literary lights and the perfections, see to it that you make the facts "after their pattern, which hath been shewed thee in the mount."

Thou shalt not bear false witness as to the facts.

Nor is this all. For the sad case with

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much nature writing, as I have said, is that it not only fails to answer to genuine observation, but it also fails to answer to genuine emotion. Often as we detect the unsound natural history, we much oftener are aware of the unsound, the insincere, art of the author.

Now the facts of nature, as Mr. Burroughs says, are the material of nature literature—of *one* kind of such literature, let me add; for, while fabrications can be made only into lies, there may be another kind of good nature literature compounded wholly of fancies. Facts, to quote Mr. Burroughs again, are the flora upon which the nature writer lives. "I can do nothing without them." Of course he could not. But Chaucer could. Indeed, Chaucer could do nothing with the facts; he had to have fancies. The truth in his story of the Cock and the Fox is a different kind of truth from the truth about Burroughs's "Winter Neighbors," yet no less the truth. Good nature-writing is literature, not science, and the truth we demand first and last is a literary truth—the fidelity of the writer to himself. He may elect to use facts for his material; yet they are only material, and no better as material than fancies. For it is not matter that counts last in literature; it is manner. It is spirit that counts. It is the man. Only honest men make literature. Writers may differ in their purpose, as Burroughs in his purpose to guide you through the woods differs from Chaucer's purpose to entertain you by the fire; but they are one in their spirit of honesty.

Chaucer pulls a long face and begins his tale of the Cock and the Fox with a vivid and very realistic description of a widow's cottage,

"B'syde a grovë, standing in a dalë,"

as a setting, not for the poor widow and her two daughters, not at all; but rather to stage the heroic comedy between Chauntecleer and his favorite wife, the scarlet-eyed Pertelote.

It is just before daybreak. They are not up yet, not off the roost, when they get into a discussion about the significance of dreams, Chauntecleer having had a very bad dream during the night. The dispute waxes as it spreads out over medicine, philosophy, theology, and psychology. Chauntecleer quotes the classics, cites famous stories, talks Latin to her:

"For, also sicker as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio;"

translating it for her thus:

"Madam, the sentence of this Latin is—
Woman is mannës joy and all his blis,"

while she tells him he needs a pill for his liver in spite of the fact that he wears a beard. It is fine scorn, but passing sad, following so close upon the old English love song that Chauntecleer was wont to wake up singing.

It is here, at this critical juncture of the nature story, that Chaucer pauses to remark, seriously:

"For thilkë tyme, as I have understondë,
Bestës and briddës couldë speke and singë."

Certainly they could; and "speking and singing in thilkë tymë" seems much more natural for "bestës and briddës" than many of the things they do nowadays.

Here, again, is Izaak Walton, as honest a man as Chaucer—a lover of nature, a writer on angling; who knew little about angling, and less about nature; whose facts are largely fancies; but—what of it? Walton quotes, as a probable fact, that pickerel hatch out of the seeds of pickerel-weed; that toads are born of fallen leaves on the bottoms of ponds. He finds himself agreeing with Pliny "that many flies have their birth, or being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of the trees;" and, quoting the divine du Bartas, he sings:

"So slow Bootes underneath him sees
In th' icy isles those goslings hatch'd of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd, they say, to living fowls soon after."

But the "Compleat Angler" is not a scientific work on fishes, nor a handbook on angling for anglers. It is a book for all that are lovers of literature; for "all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a Angling."

This is somewhat unscientific, according to our present light; but, wonderful as it seemed to Walton, it was all perfectly natural according to his light. His facts are faulty, yet they are the best he had. So was his love the best he had; but that was without fault, warm, deep, intense, sincere.

Our knowledge of nature has so ad-

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vanced since Walton's time, and our attitude has so changed, that the facts of nature are no longer enough for literature. We know all that our writer knows; we have seen all that he can see. He can no longer surprise us; he can no longer instruct us; he can no longer fool us. The day of the marvelous is past; the day of the *cum laude* cat and the *magnum cum laude* pup is past, the day of the things that I alone have seen is past; and the day of the things that I, in common with you, have honestly felt, is come.

There should be no suggestion in a page of nature writing that the author penetrated to the heart of some howling summer camp for his raw material; that he ever sat on his roof or walked across his back yard in order to write a book about it. But nature books, like other books, are gone far that way—always and solely for the pot. Such books are "copy" only—poor copy at that. There is nothing new in them; for the only thing you can get by going afar for it is a temptation to lie; and no matter from what distance you fetch a falsehood—even from the top of the world—you cannot disguise the true complexion of it. Take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, and you will find nothing new there; ascend into heaven or make your bed in hell for copy, as is the fashion nowadays— But you had better look after your parish and go faithfully about your chores; and if you have a garden with a tortoise in it, and you love them, and love to write about them, then write.

Nature writing must grow more and more human, personal, interpretative. If I go into the wilderness and write a book about it, it must be plain to my reader that "the writing of the book was only a second and finer enjoyment of my holiday in the woods." If my chippy sings, it must sing a chippy's simple song, not some gloria that only "the careless angels know." It must not do any extraordinary thing for me; but it may lead me to do an extraordinary thing—to have an extraordinary thought, or suggestion, or emotion. It may mean extraordinary things to me; things that have no existence in nature, whose beginnings and ends are in me. I may never claim that I, because of exceptional opportunities, or exceptional insight, or exceptional powers of observation, have discovered these marvelous things in the wilds of Hingham. My pages may be anthropomorphic, human; not, however, because I humanize my bees and toads, but because I am human, and nature is meaningful ultimately only as it is related to me. I must not confuse myself with nature; nor yet "struggle against fact and law to develop and keep" my "own individuality." I must not anthropomorphize nature; never denature nature; never follow my own track through the woods, imagining that I am on the trail of a better-class wolf or a two-legged bear. I must never sentimentalize over nature again—write no more about "Buzz-Buzz and Old Man Barberry;" write no more about wailing winds and weeping skies; for mine is not "a poet's vision dim," but an open-eyed, scientific sight of things as they actually are. Once I have seen them, gathered them, if then they turn to poetry, let them turn. For so does the squash turn to poetry when it is brought in from the field. It turns to pie; it turns to poetry; and it still remains squash.

Good nature-literature, like all good literature, is more lived than written. Its immortal part hath elsewhere than the ink-pot for its beginning. The soul that rises with it, its life's star, first went down behind a horizon of real experience, then rose from a human heart, the source of all true feeling, of all sincere form. Good nature-writing particularly must have a pre-literary existence as lived reality; its writing must be only the necessary accident of its being lived again in thought. It will be something very human, very natural, warm, quick, irregular, imperfect, with the imperfections and irregularities of life. And the nature writer will be very human, too, and so very faulty; but he will have no lack of love for nature, and no lack of love for the truth. Whatever else he does, he will never touch the flat, disquieting note of make-believe. He will never invent, never pretend, never pose, never shy. He will be honest—which is nothing unusual for birds and rocks and stars; but for human beings, and for nature writers very particularly, it is a state less common, perhaps, than it ought to be.

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